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MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE Prince of Wales, like the young English gentleman of a previous era, has made the grand tour. He has seen life and society ; and forms of government different from that under which it is his own privilege to live. He has, in the course of a journey far more likely to be useful in forming his character, and in imbuing his mind with the genius of a progressive age than any tour of double the length in Europe, comported himself with the dignity of a prince, and with the affability of a gentleman. He has endured with good humour the rough greetings, and the rude but well-meant curiosity of millions of Republicans, whose instincts and sympathies are more monarchical than they know. He has, without set speeches or formalities, softened, if he have not removed, the remembrance of by-gone feuds and asperities ; and, by one graceful act of homage at the grave of Washington, he has made amends to the present generation of Americans for the trouble given to their forefathers by the wrong-headed King whose throne, if his life be spared, he will one day inherit. He has thus healed, more effectually than a thousand treaties could have done, the last lingering soreness of a happily ended struggle.

And as in former days the English gentleman or nobleman made the grand tour, and married ;—so in the present day the thoughts of those who are interested in the life and happiness of the Prince of Wales will turn with some solicitude, if not with anxiety, to a happy marriage as the next stage in his career. The subject is one of such national importance, that every family in the kingdom is interested in it, and without the imputation of indelicacy or impertinence, may discuss its propriety, and speculate upon the more or less of liberty that his illustrious parents may be disposed to allow him in a matter which concerns them much, but which concerns the Prince and the nation far more.

It requires no very intimate knowledge of the domestic history of England for the last seventy or eighty years, to justify the assertion that the rules laid down by George III. and his advisers for the marriage of his sons were the prolific sources of so much private misery and vice, and of so much public scandal and mischief as to make the youth and early maturity of those princes a discredit to themselves and their country. If there could in our day be a revival of such a Prince of Wales as afterwards became George IV.—of such a Duke of York, of such a Duke of Cumberland, or even of such a Duke of Clarence, as were known to the fathers of this generation,—the ancient throne of Great Britain would be exposed to more formidable perils than it has encountered since it had to bear the rude shocks of Oliver Cromwell. Had a George IV., a Frederick of York, or an Ernest of Cumberland, sat on the British throne for the last two-and-twenty years, instead of the estimable lady—the model of wifedom, motherhood, and womanhood, the pattern of all the domestic virtues, who adds such grace and dignity to her high station—the storms of revolution which have left this realm unscathed amid the perturbations of all Europe, might not have passed over our heads so harmlessly. It has been fortunate for the nation that at such a time it had such a sovereign ; and for the sake not only of public morality, but of public liberty, it must be the prayer of every good subject that the next inheritor of the throne, and all his royal brothers in due season, may imitate in their public and private lives the virtues of their mother and father, and, like them, set a bright and pure example to every household in the kingdom.

The experience of the past is upon record to guide us. It was the proud but silly despotism of George III. in not allowing his children to marry for affection, like happier and less conspicuous citizens, but for reasons of state, and with none but the daughters of foreign kings and potentates, that drove these princes, in the hey-day of their youth and the turbulence of their passions, into disreputable intrigues and disgraceful alliances. The temper of our time is different. The Queen's own marriage was one of affection, and the nation has reason to bless the happy results. The Queen's daughter has also married for affection, and in a way gratifying alike to her own heart, the wishes of her parents, and the policy of the nation. That the Prince of Wales should do the same at the earliest possible period, is alike the interest and the wish of the whole country. If his heart, left to its own promptings, makes choice of a Protestant princess among the few Protestant royal families of Europe, the nation will look on with affectionate approval ; but it will not approve, if for dynastic or political reasons he be either compelled or persuaded to form an alliance such as that which embittered the days and impaired the usefulness of the last Prince of Wales. And why should the Prince marry a foreigner ? If it pleased him to do so, it would be impertinent for any one to object ; but if it pleased him in the same way to place his affections upon an English lady, worthy by her virtues to sit upon a throne, any objection, we think, would be equally impertinent and ill advised, and would most certainly not come from the people.

There are noble houses in Great Britain as ancient, as honourable, and as respectable as the major or minor royalties of the continent, an alliance with any one of which would neither tarnish the fair fame nor imperil the safety of the house of Hanover. The days are gone when the marriage of a king of England into the family of a great noble could endanger the succession, or lead to civil war. Neither kings nor nobles have such power amongst us as they had in the times when Elizabeth Woodville or Anne Boleyn was Queen-Consort ; and, whatever the Garter, or Lyon Kings of Arms, the heralds, the trumpeters, the beefeaters, or other half exploded absurdities of the Heralds' College may say to the contrary, it is certain, from the tone of public opinion in our age, that the great bulk of the British people of all ranks and classes would hail with pleasure the choice of the Prince if it fell on a lovely and virtuous English, Scottish, or Irish lady of birth sufficiently aristocratic to hold her own place among the nobles of her court. If it pleased the Prince of Wales to elevate such a one to be the partner of his destinies, he would commence his social life by an act which would secure him the public favour in a degree that he could never again hope to surpass, and which would follow him to the latest moment of his career. The Empress Eugénie has added more strength, as well as more grace, to the dynasty of Napoleon III. than it could have derived from any of the lumbering thrones of Germany, or from any princess or archduchess of Russia or Austria. The example is potent, and will not be without its weight when the time comes for a decision.

The Prince of Wales, as soon as he is fairly launched into the society of London, will be exposed to many dangers, many temptations, and many intrigues, which the maxims and the principles instilled into him in his own virtuous home may enable him to resist and to foil. But as his temptations will be more than common—so ought also to be his safeguards. And next to high moral and religious principle would be his happy marriage with a lady of his own choice



—whether she were of imperial, royal, or noble birth, or of British or foreign parentage. European royalty is exposed, in our day, to so many changes and reverses, and stands in some countries in so invidious a position, that perhaps a slight infusion of aristocratic, or even democratic, blood into the ancient royalty of Great Britain might give it new vigour. At all events let public opinion bespeak for this Prince of Wales the personal liberty which was denied to the last wearer of the title—and good, not evil, will result the sooner and the more gracefully it is accorded.

THE FATE OF TURKEY.

IF we are found constantly adverting to those political considerations which affect more immediately the East of Europe, it is because the present internal condition of Turkey, is but little understood in England—a fact which will not prevent the British public from holding the most decided opinions as to the nature of the policy which should be pursued in that empire should the Eastern question once more assume that prominence which it doubtless will, in the course of those political combinations which the leading diplomatists of Europe are at this moment evolving. The fact that we have an embassy at Constantinople, and a great number of diplomatic agents scattered throughout Turkey; that we have spent an incredible amount of blood and treasure in maintaining its independence; and that our attention for some years past has been turned in that direction, cannot, unfortunately, convince any well-informed writer or observer, that either the Government or the people of England are in a condition to decide upon the policy which it will be the interest of this country to adopt with reference to the fate of that empire. And if perchance the Government are in possession of information which should suggest the right course to be pursued, the House of Commons and the country, in the absence of that knowledge, may be known to hold a different opinion. And as we can scarcely venture to hope for such an amount of patriotism on the part of any Government as should induce it to follow the *right* policy in lieu of one which is popular, it is of the utmost importance that the public generally should be as well informed as the Government.

With regard to the present internal condition and political sentiments of one part of Turkey, at all events we may venture to assert confidently that we are as well informed as the Government. It is not a little remarkable that we have never had any political agent of any description in that province in which, when the great Eastern explosion takes place, the train will inevitably be lighted.

Our Government is, at this moment, as profoundly ignorant of the state of Montenegro as if that state was situated between Kam-skatka and Japan; and yet Montenegro is the centre of those intrigues which are destined, unless we take measures to counteract them, to render all our exertions in behalf of Turkey valueless. Because we have never recognized the independence of that state; because it has some years been an open ulcer upon the side of Turkey; because we have disapproved of the bellicose propensities of its inhabitants, and their continual inroads upon their traditional enemies, we have thought it necessary to show our displeasure by an almost entire abstention from any intercourse with them. The consequence is, that Montenegro is entirely in the hands of French and Russian agents, who disseminate lies with reference to England uncontradicted; who supply the Montenegrins with arms, ammunition, and money unreservedly, and who instigate them to overt acts of aggression upon the neighbouring provinces of Turkey unrestrained by any fear of discovery. The only foreigner who has been resident in the capital of Montenegro, for some months past, is a Frenchman. His influence, in conjunction with the able diplomacy of a colleague at Scutari on the Montenegrin frontier, has completely eclipsed that formerly wielded by the Russian consul, who used to be considered, practically, the administrator of the country. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the East, within the last few years, French influence has gradually supplanted that of the Czar, who seems now to be contented to follow in the wake of the more enterprising diplomacy of the Tuilleries.

The importance which our imperial ally places upon this obscure mountain district may be gathered from the circumstance of his having written an autograph letter to Nicholai, the present youthful prince, condoling with him upon the recent assassination of his uncle Danielo, while, both in St. Petersburg and in Paris, the Montenegrin deputation charged with a mission to report that event, were honoured with personal interviews with the Emperors of France and Russia. It need scarcely be remarked that no such deputation ever visited London, and that our Government took no official cognizance of the death of the late prince. That event, nevertheless, was one of some importance to this country, politically. It placed the supreme power in the hands of Mirko, a brother of Danielo, and the father of the present prince, who is too young and incapable to possess any influence. Mirko is a man devoted to France, and who is said to have received large sums for his co-operation in the designs which are being rapidly elaborated, with the view to the proximate dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Whether this be so or not,

it is certain that constant disturbances take place on the Montenegrin frontier, the result of unprovoked inroads by the Montenegrins—whose delight and occupation is guerilla warfare—into the neighbouring Turkish province of Herzegovina, where the Christian population is ever ready to respond to the agitations of their turbulent co-religionists. To repress these risings, active measures on the part of the Turkish troops quartered in the district are necessary, and are called by the French and Russian agents, who send reports of them to the continental papers, “new persecutions on the part of the Turkish Government of their Christian subjects.” We have recently had a specimen of one of these accounts of an *émeute* at a place called Gasko, where the Christian population rose, without any provocation, against the Turks, and were with difficulty restrained from a wholesale massacre. Had such a catastrophe taken place, the incompetency of the Turkish Government to preserve order would have been loudly proclaimed throughout Europe. As the rising was repressed, a representation in the contrary sense was made, and the whole affair, in which very few lives were lost, was converted into another case of persecution, with numerous embellishments, and inventions of horrors which never occurred. The same informants, however, carefully conceal the fact that the noses and ears of Turks are the trophies of Montenegrin warfare, mutilated specimens of which may be seen in the Turkish towns in the neighbourhood. The effect of these erroneous reports upon the European mind is to confirm the impression already prevalent among those who have no personal acquaintance with Turkey, that it will be impossible much longer to maintain that empire, and that we engaged in a gigantic blunder when we undertook the Crimean war, and sacrificed millions of money and the best blood of England in the attempt to accomplish an impossible object. Either those who involved us in that war were guilty of an unpardonable crime of ignorance and stupidity towards the country, when they compromised it in defence of Turkey, or the policy which induced them to fight in its behalf still holds good, and Turkey is still capable of an independent existence. Those who are familiar with Turkey do not differ in opinion upon the latter point.

The only danger to Turkish independence lies in the machinations of those who profess to be its friends, and in the corruption of one or two men who, at present, hold the reins of government. With Riza Pasha omnipotent at Constantinople, it is impossible to expect the inauguration of those measures of reform which would at once satisfy the Christians, and deprive the enemies of Turkey of the pretexts which a weak Government now affords them. But to maintain that because some of the statesmen are base and incompetent, and the system of government somewhat imperfect and antiquated, the empire is incapable of existence, is to make an inference which might have been drawn with tenfold greater force prior to the late war. Since that period the internal condition of Turkey, both financially and politically, has been rapidly improving. The social state of the Christian population has been, in all important respects, largely ameliorated, while the name of England ranks highest among the nations of the world. We may, at least, congratulate ourselves upon the fact, about which there is no dispute, that our influence is all powerful with the Turkish people, if not with the Government, and that an enthusiasm exists with respect to England, which only those who have recently travelled in the country can thoroughly appreciate. We owe our present prestige throughout the empire to those Turkish corps which were formed during the war, and commanded by English officers. Every private who served in the Turkish contingent, every Bashi Bazouk who returned to his native village with his pocket full of English gold, has been a missionary proclaiming the bounty and honesty of England; and an army of 300,000 men, of the best material which Europe can afford for warlike purposes, would enlist under an English standard in Turkey to-morrow.

The one question which is propounded incessantly to every Englishman travelling in Turkey is, “Will England raise a Turkish army in the event of another Eastern war?” and the answer of the Englishman who knows his countrymen will probably be—“The British public will never tolerate another Eastern war. They are profoundly ignorant of the merits of Turkish soldiers; they know nothing of their wonderful endurance, of their obedience to discipline, or of their bravery in the field. They forget that never once, on the Danube or in Circassia, did they meet the Russians without coming off victorious. They only remember that a few raw recruits evacuated some earthworks in the Crimea, which, under the circumstances, their own soldiers could never have held; and they are now ready to sacrifice all the advantages which were gained by the war, because they believe the reports of the emissaries of Russia and France, and consider that a partition of Turkey, which was unjust then, will be just now, and that we are likely to obtain a larger share of the spoil, from the combined good-nature of Louis Napoleon and the Czar, than would have fallen to our lot had we accepted the proposals of the Emperor Nicholas.” When, in the course of next spring, the Christian populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina, supplied with arms by France and Russia, and co-operated with by Prince Michael of Serbia on one side and by Mirko of Montenegro on the other, rise in open rebellion against the Turkish Government, there will be an outcry in

England that Turkey is falling to pieces. And although, if the Seras-kierate is left to its own devices, there is no doubt that any such rebellion would be quashed in a month, the sympathies of Englishmen will be enlisted in behalf of the Christian populations, and we shall play the game of France by weakening still more the supreme authority, and precipitating the fall of an empire whose existence is essential to our Eastern interests, and whose alliance would be more powerful than any other in Europe, because it would be honest and subservient, and because its armies would be under the absolute control of the Government of this country. Let Turkey once thoroughly feel that her existence depends upon the will of England, and can only be secured by her compliance with certain conditions imposed by us, and her armies become English armies, and her system of administration conformable with English views, without either the responsibilities or the expense of an additional possession. We should thus wield to our own advantage, and to the benefit of the whole population, the vast material resources of an empire for which we have spent so much, and justify, by an enlightened statesmanlike policy, a war which, if followed by any other result, becomes an act of stupendous imbecility.

WANTED; A NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

SIR EDMUND HEAD, it is announced in the journals, has left Canada for England, and he is not, we are informed, to return to the seat of his government. A correspondent, writing from Quebec, says:—

"There is considerable speculation on the Governor's successor. It is thought the experience of the Duke of Newcastle will greatly influence the appointment. Rumour has it that 'he has said no second-rate man must be sent to Canada.' If he has said this, or entertains the opinion which could give rise to the expression, his visit has not been barren of a wholesome conviction. Canada wants not only an able man for her governor, but one of accredited standing and position. He should not only have talent, but station. The country is in a state of transition. The union, as now existing, cannot long continue. A confederation of all the provinces under a vice-royalty is the surest grounds of England's retention of these dependencies, and the duke may, perhaps, have seen sufficient to convince him of the fact. I by no means express a singular opinion in saying that it is very doubtful if the Prince's visit has added one hour to the continuance of British connection. Not that I wish you to suppose we are on the eve of rebellion, or that we desire a separation; but what I mean is, that men feel unsettled in their political existence,—they feel at sea without a chart, and the Anglo-Saxon element feels itself unduly depressed, and is fast ripening to the assertion of supremacy. It is this element that the duke has not thought it worth his while to conciliate, and it will, you may depend, sooner or later work out its own vindication.

"I have just returned from a flying visit to Upper Canada, after a year's absence, and I can assure you that the antagonism of the two provinces is assuming, in the west, an aspect that renders a protraction of the present union an impossibility. Representation by population might, two years ago, have appeased the hostility; now nothing less than a disruption of the legislative union will suffice. The elections of next year—the life-period of the present parliament—will all turn, in the Upper Province, upon the question of a new status; and, I regret to add, in a very large proportion of the constituencies, upon a pledge of opposition to the present ministry. In this latter, it must be confessed, the country demands a change; and it is but too certain that the present house does not represent the country. The mischief is that we have no better men, bad as these may be, to succeed. It is unfortunate, too, that corrupt as the house undoubtedly is, the constituencies are little better. Political demoralization is all-prevalent,—political immorality a subject for a jest."

We understand further, that the Orangemen of Lambton County, at a meeting held at Watford, Canada West, passed a series of resolutions, declaring their long-continued attachment to the Sovereign and the Protestant religion; their opinion that the Roman Catholics, being sworn to maintain the supremacy of a foreign potentate, cannot be loyal subjects; their deep regret at the favour shown to Roman Catholics, which has caused men of wealth and position, who had before stood aloof from Orange societies now to join them; their disapproval of the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle as the chief adviser of the Prince of Wales in his late visit to Canada; and their opinion that it is no longer reasonable to count on their support for the Imperial Government. As a consequence, they request "the Grand Lodge to revise the Orange obligation at the earliest opportunity, and strike out those portions which refer to British rule in these provinces." These feelings are shared by other Orangemen, who look on themselves as the leaders and masters in the Upper Province.

Canada, then, is in a critical position. The long-cherished disputes between races and creeds, which a rapidly-increasing prosperity might have lessened, have lately been exacerbated by two or three mischances. Last year the harvest was not good. The Grand Trunk Railway is not a success, and has fallen into difficulties. A very bad feeling was excited by the conduct of the home Government in regard to the Galway mail contract, which has been to the Canadians a source both of disappointment and loss. The New Governor-General, then, will commence his functions surrounded by many difficulties, and he ought to be a man of energy, yet prudent and conciliatory. Canada should have a voice in the matter. It desires a first-rate man

for its chief; a man of high rank and a man of ability. Of late it has been accustomed to such men. Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham, Lord Metcalfe, and Lord Elgin, some of the immediate predecessors of Sir Edmund Head, were equally distinguished by ability and by rank.

The Canadians would, no doubt, like a Prince of the Blood for their Viceroy, with a federal union of all the provinces; but at present there are not the means of gratifying their wishes. The next best thing is for the ministry to select amongst the nobility that man who, by his rank, would be most likely to conciliate the Canadians, and, by his abilities, would be best adapted to prepare the way for the union, as the best method to secure both the complete self-government of all the provinces and the continuance of the connection with the mother country. It is not for us to put individuals forward; but there are among our nobility men of high rank, of ample fortune or large expectations, of great talents, and with considerable knowledge of Canada and the adjacent countries, who would be at once acceptable to the Canadians, and likely, by their moderation and good sense, to promote the great objects in view. The place is a great one; and a great man is required to fill it.

THE PEACE LEAGUE.

AMID the rumours of wars which reach us from the Continent we are glad to have to chronicle the addition of a new and not insignificant member to the Peace League. The precept to insure peace by preparing for war has too long served as a cloak for designs of spoliation and oppression. At length it is reverting to its original meaning, and we were last week enabled to add Belgium to Switzerland and England, the two nations which were hitherto distinguished by their resolute attitude of self-defence. The address by which we learn the existence of a Belgian Committee of National Defence is worthy of the sons of the stalwart burghers who handled the sword and crossbow as deftly as the shuttle, and who were among the first in the struggle for freedom, as well as the foremost in the mechanical arts. We owed them of old more than one lesson, and they have profited in turn by those we have given them of late. Belgium is the only country in Europe where the Constitutional system imported from England has really flourished. The address to which we have alluded is more than a document worthy of perusal, it is a state-paper of the highest value. Though issued by a committee of private individuals, the Minister of the Interior, by receiving, has adopted it. It naturally begins by explaining the object of the Association, the organizing a force for national defence in such a manner as, without impairing its efficacy, should cause no embarrassment to the Government. It is under cover of the liberty of association, which the Belgians enjoy as completely as we do ourselves, that they prepare to resist the possible attack of an imperious neighbour, who not long since endeavoured, by menace, to deter their government from fortifying Antwerp. This time he would have to accuse, not their rulers, but the people themselves of distrust; and whatever displeasure he may feel, he is too wise to manifest it in such a case. The address then proceeds to expose the causes which render such preparation indispensable; the decay of public law; the neglect of those diplomatic formalities which from the earliest ages have always been practised by barbarous as well as civilized nations previous to the outbreak of hostilities; the facilities which railroads and steam-vessels afford for the sudden movement of large bodies of troops, so that brief space intervenes between the declaration of war (where this old-fashioned formality is still observed) and the irruption of the enemy's forces.

Under such circumstances it is needful to be always ready to avert the possible blow. As in Syria the Druse and Maronite follow the plough with their muskets slung over their backs; so in Europe the merchant and handcraftsman who have freedom to lose, must always have arms within reach to defend it. So strangely do barbarism and the most refined civilization present points of resemblance! Separated by no natural frontiers from the most aggressive of nations, and remembering that their country is the secular battle-field of Europe, the Flemings are perhaps more alive to the imminence of the danger than other continental nations. They have also more to lose,—the freedom which their fathers so sturdily asserted, and which they have secured,—the wealth which their modern industry, favoured by this freedom, has accumulated.

The Volunteer movement is only commencing in Belgium. It is as yet confined to a few communes, and there are but 30,000 men enrolled. This is a goodly number, larger in proportion to the populations canvassed than most of our Volunteer districts can show, but far below the necessities of the case, or the aspirations of the committee. They demand and hope to obtain half a million of recruits.

The day when the wish of the committee is realized, Belgium will be independent of all treaties of neutralization, though we may hope that events will not force it out of its present happy position of a non-warring power. The address concludes with a practical suggestion, accompanied by some valuable information on the subject of small-arms. It recommends to the Minister the adoption of mea-

sures to determine the comparative values of those used in different countries, so that the best possible weapon may be secured for the best possible cause.

We have all remarked the individual gain which accrues from the healthy exercise of the drill. In Fleet-street or Cheapside the Volunteer may be distinguished by his gait. The days which he gives to his country will add years to his life. The bent back is straightened, the narrowed chest expanded, while the lungs recover the free play of nature. The moral health is not less benefited than the physical. There is more than a fancied connection between an upright walk and upright thoughts, between crooked bodies and crooked ways, between the sane body and the sane mind. The leaders of the Volunteer movement in Belgium have published a nobler protest against lawless ambitions than any statesman of the present day has penned. May they go on and prosper!

THE NEW ZEALAND QUESTION.

MOST of us have set ourselves the task, at times, of investigating moral problems; and most of us have been brought to the conviction that such exercise of the mind is beset with extraordinary difficulties. Given, any one moral topic as the theme, it is astonishing how wide apart may be the limits of the difference of opinion in regard to it. Nevertheless, some sort of resultant to moral problems there must be, or no standard of right and wrong could subsist: society would disintegrate into its elements; government would be impossible.

Many of the solved social problems of the age—so-called—are not really solved at all. Moralists have reasoned about them, legislators have debated, and warriors fought about them; until, reasoning, debate, and war being found of no avail, people have at last, for sheer peace and quietness' sake, adopted some provisional issue, and recognised some *status quo*—the latter mistaken for a true moral solution.

Now, a *status quo* to which one has become accustomed, a condition which embodies tenets of agreement sufficient for a specific case, may, if it be accepted as a pure moral deduction, conduce to evil, and bring trouble. Contemplate, for example, the much-vexed question of the moral relationship subsisting between a people and the land they dwell upon. Here, in Europe, however wide be the differences of opinion relative to this title to land, contemplating it under the aspect of a mere question of moral justice, people have long since agreed to accept a prescriptive issue. We have agreed that the mere circumstance of birth in any particular country, or of belonging to any one particular race, shall be held to give no title to the proprietorship of land. We all have agreed to accept the authority of precedent, title-deeds, possession, and other prescriptive conditions, without scrutinizing first principles and debating moral rights. For the present condition of Europe this basis of agreement is well. No one suffers ill from this arrangement; on the contrary, it in many ways conduces to social tranquillity, and subserves national progress. But there is all the difference in the world between the acceptance of a practical resultant for peace and quietness' sake, by common consent, and the recognition of it as a moral deduction.

These considerations are forced upon us by reflecting upon the lamentable troubles now subsisting between this Government and the Maori tribes. If the past history of British relations with this interesting people be scrutinized, it will be found to have embodied a new sentiment, as between a powerful invading, and a weak aboriginal race. The new sentiment consisted in the recognition that an aboriginal race had some sort of interest in the regions they were found occupying. Confused, and uncertain though the ethics of the land question be when regarded in the abstract, few minds, if any, will refuse assent to the limited proposition that the Maoris, whom we, as invading strangers came amongst, really ought to have some sort of interest in the land of their occupation. With this provisional deduction, unfortunately our Government was not content. Actuated by good will—as we are ready to acknowledge—to the aboriginal tribes, the British Colonial Government committed a great error; that of mistaking a provisional issue, a convention, for a moral principle of abstract justice. The British Government chose to assume the New-Zelanders to have acquired notions of landed property exactly similar to our own. This was absurd. The very idea of a landed proprietorship must needs be foreign to any save an agricultural or a hunting people. The Maoris were neither. When therefore our Government decreed in the treaty of Waitangi that the invaders would acquire no land in New Zealand, save by purchase from the actual proprietors of it, the conclusion must have been evident to any comprehension, save the most narrow and technical, that out of such a decree troubles some day must arise.

The Colonial Government never, in the fullest exercise of their imagination, assumed the existence of Maori parchment deeds of succession and inheritance—of Maori heralds' visitations, and sundry other paraphernalia of land inheritance as subsisting amongst ourselves. They were content, as under the circumstances they must needs have been, with very slender pretensions. This being so, the

first native to treat was the first to sell. Others followed, protesting they had as much right to the land as he; and thus the elements of dispute were never stilled. The non-success of our self-imposed territorial arrangements with the aborigines of New Zealand opens the question of the moral responsibilities that should subsist between a civilized and invading, and a savage invaded or conquered race. Looking at the condition of the Maoris when Englishmen first came amongst them, we believe that not policy alone, but abstract justice, so far as one can understand abstract justice, would have dictated the claim on the part of the invaders to the fee-simple of the entire land. Considering the benefits we gave; considering that before the seaborne adventurers landed on the shores of the Britain of the South not one mammal quadruped existed there besides the kiore or native rat; considering that fern roots were the staple food of the aboriginal race—supplemented by baked man's flesh on holidays as a relish—it really does not seem unreasonable that the donors of pigs and poultry, beeves, sheep, corn, and potatoes, should have invested themselves with the fee-simple of the land.

To us this appears plain justice; whilst, regarded as a policy, it probably would have obviated many, if not most of the causes of irritating contests in which the British and Maoris have found themselves engaged. It was sheer folly to have recognized, at the Antipodes, the existence of territorial conditions identical with our own; conditions satisfactory enough in Europe, for the simple reason that they have been accepted by common consent, but which must have been altogether foreign to Maori intelligence. This land appropriation might have been decreed without injustice—the very semblance of wrong might have been easily avoided. In whatever cases land had been reclaimed from native barbarism, and rights based upon the condition of agricultural improvement had sprung up, these facts might have been taken equitably into consideration, and some arrangement, based upon the equity of each individual case, decreed. Vague traditions of landmarks might have been safely disregarded, without violating one dictate of moral law, and with the certain result of avoiding many subsequent causes of dispute. Here, too, we must protest against the soundness of a tenet inculcated by certain New Zealand missionaries anterior to the formal addition of the two islands to British colonial possessions,—the tenet, namely, that New Zealand belonged wholly to the Maori race by some sort of Divine right.

That a population less, at the time in question, than eighty thousand should alone hold and possess a fertile region of eighty millions of acres—a region about the size of the British Islands—can on no grounds be defended. The position is untenable if argued on the basis of abstract justice; it fails if argued on the lower grounds of policy and mutual advantage. Moreover, despite the pretentious sympathy for the natives and their interests, set forth in the dogma of "New Zealand for the Maoris," that dogma admitted of contravention. It was not difficult to set up the plea of holding lands in trust, for the benefit of natives present or to come. To what extent this had been done at periods antecedent to 1845, when New Zealand became a formal dependency of the British crown, blue-books painfully reveal.

For our part we care not to ponder over-much on the seeming destiny of certain aboriginal races. It seems to be decreed that the Maoris, like the Red Indians, shall soon die out. One's sympathies must be favourable to a race so highly-endowed as the Maoris. Intellectual, brave, chivalrous as the New-Zelanders are, no man of proper feeling can look upon their rapid declension—their withering from the land which bore them—without regret. We would stay the progress of those oft-recurring contests between them and us. To that end we feel assured the Colonial Government would perform an act very much to the advantage of both parties, were they to formally appropriate, without delay, the lands of New Zealand to the British Crown.

SMOKING IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

IT appears, from an announcement made by the South-Eastern Railway Company, that in consequence of numerous complaints made by passengers against the selfish and ungentlemanly habit of smoking in the carriages, the directors have determined "to stop the practice." We are certain that the directors have in this respect somewhat over-estimated their power; and that they will neither stop nor diminish the evil, unless they open their purse-strings to adopt a real remedy. They confine themselves, at present, to an appeal to the public—a merely sentimental appeal which will have no result. They state that the regulations prohibiting smoking were made to secure the general comfort and convenience of the passengers, and that they cannot but think that those who disregard the rules are not aware of the annoyance they inflict on others. Simple-minded directors! What does it signify to a smoker if he annoy a non-smoker? Does not the smoker believe that he who does not smoke is in the minority, and must yield to the majority? It is in vain that the directors, anxious merely to save money, invite the co-operation of the passengers in disconcerting the practice. But how are passengers to do it? Is one man to waste his time and ruffle his patience

in disputing with three or perhaps half a dozen strangers, who will certainly think him a "snob," or a "muff," or give him some other slang designation, equally ungentlemanly and contemptuous, because he presumes to be more virtuous or more decent than the rest of the world? The directors deprecate the necessity of resorting to any other course than this quiet appeal to the good feeling of smokers, which the smokers will laugh to scorn, and blaze away as vehemently as ever. They may be told that by persisting in their selfish enjoyment they will render any station-master, guard, porter, or other officer, conniving at, or permitting their indulgence, subject to dismissal. But these are mere words, and signify nothing. What the directors have to do, to render justice to the travelling community—smokers as well as non-smokers—is to regulate a practice which they cannot abolish, and to build carriages for the convenience of those to whom indulgence in tobacco has become a necessity of existence.

It appears that this view of the subject has fallen under the cognizance of the directors of the South-Western, as well as of other lines, but that the expense of the improvement has frightened them from doing what is required. The sum of from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds would be requisite, according to the statement made to us, to build a sufficient number of smoking-carriages on any of the great lines of railway leading out of London; but why should such an expenditure as this prevent any body of directors from doing what is right? People in England travel not only for business but for pleasure; and if a person detests tobacco-smoke, it is just possible he will stay at home, instead of making a pleasure tour, if he is likely to be annoyed by the filthy smoke of a "gent," who persists in polluting the confined atmosphere of a railway carriage with the fumes of his cigar—which may be of tobacco, but which may also happen to be of cabbage,—and in which practice he may be left untroubled by the guard or other official, blinded by a shilling or half a crown. The directors should consider this, and either enforce their laws on behalf of the ladies and the non-smoking gentlemen—or alter them; and if neither of these courses be advisable, conform as best they can to the circumstances. The thing to be done is to build smoking-carriages. To this alternative railway directors must come at last, and the sooner they make up their minds to it the better. If £20,000 be too much for them, there is no necessity to spend the money all at once. Railway carriages, like everything else in this world, wear out; and whenever the directors are compelled to build a new carriage, let it be one for smokers; and they will thus throw what might be an extraordinary, into the category of an ordinary expenditure, and do by degrees what is inexpedient or inconvenient to do all at once. But sentimental appeals to the good feelings of smokers are all thrown away, and are of no more efficacy than bottled moonshine.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

THE BETTER KNOWING, THE WORSE PURSUING.

THE way in which our English landowners reject the lessons afforded by the experience of others is something wonderful; or rather it appears wonderful, if we regard them simply as rational owners of property. But if we investigate the subject, we find them beset by prejudices which prevent them from acquiring a knowledge of good management, or from applying that knowledge where circumstances have forced its acquisition upon them. It is known to most agriculturists that in Scotland, where a long lease is invariably given and required by landlord and tenant of a farm, and both parties regard the transaction of letting and hiring a farm as a purely business matter, rents are higher, farmers' profits greater and more secure, and husbandry more advanced than in England, where yearly tenancies, subservient tenants, and patronizing landlords, are regarded as the ordinary incidents of landed property. In Scotland the climate is inferior to most parts of England, the soil in most instances worse, and the market facilities not so great, yet confessedly, north of Tweed, husbandry, regarded simply on commercial principles, is a safer and more advanced business than it is in England. Nor is there any difficulty in seeing the causes which give the Scotch farmer these advantages. There the contract for a farm is a deliberate business, necessarily the subject of much calculation on the part of the tenant, and due inquiry and consideration on the part of the landlord. The one party knows that he must make a large and immediate outlay, with the hope of receiving it back with a sufficient profit during the currency of his lease. The other knows that the security of his rental and the improvement of his land for the next nineteen or twenty years must depend on the pecuniary competency and agricultural skill of his tenant. Hence caution is exercised on both sides. And one very material advantage the security afforded by his lease gives to the Scotch farmer, is the facility with which he can obtain loans of capital from bankers and others during the commencement of his lease, and while he requires the use of all his available capital to bring the farm into a proper state of cultivation. When this has once been done, the farmer's course is comparatively easy, and the advances he received during his primary struggles are repaid. The landowners of Scotland, too, are more alive to the necessity of making permanent improvements than are the English landlords; though by far the greater part of Scotch improvements have been made by tenants, or by landlords under engagements entered into with tenants at the commencement of their leases. In short, the system of leases is the corner-stone of Scotch husbandry. Now these things are not unknown, or need not be unknown to English landowners. They travel in Scotland, they visit their Scotch friends and acquaintances, and many of them go periodically to shoot in the Scotch highlands; and although the exclusiveness of the class is proverbial, yet even an English aristocrat cannot in these

days go into Scotland without seeing and hearing something of the differences between the positions of Scotch and English farmers, and the advantages enjoyed by the former. Yet what practical conclusions do our landowners derive from such knowledge? None, literally none.

Hear, for instance, the lame and impotent conclusion drawn by Sir John Pakington, from his not unintelligent observations made during a visit to Scotland. At the Worcester Agricultural Meeting, after referring to the rule of the society against the introduction of political topics, declared his intention of following Mr. Disraeli's "wise" example in Buckinghamshire, of addressing an agricultural meeting without touching on politics. He thought "their object at these meetings should be to disseminate agricultural knowledge." With that view Sir John gave an account of his Scotch visit. He said:—

"Within the last few days he had travelled through that celebrated agricultural district between the rivers Forth and Tweed, where he saw most splendid farms, with fields large and hedges small, where he could count the homesteads, because there were few trees to intercept the view; and where every homestead had its steam-engine chimney. The crops there were magnificent; and rents were high because the farming was profitable. Farming there was profitable because leases were long. Every farm was farmed with sufficient capital, and the tenant had no fear or hesitation in investing his capital in the soil, because he had the security of a lease. What was the result? Such rents were paid as were never heard or dreamt of in this county; and it was a common thing that the rents there should be so high that he was afraid to mention them to a Worcestershire farmer. But he (Sir John) was told that it was common to pay corn-rents there, and that the rent of a farm per acre in that district was the price of two quarters of wheat, and sometimes three. Sometimes a farmer paid £1,000, £2,000, and even £3,000 a year rent, and had a handsome profit left for himself afterwards."

This is truly, as Sir John Pakington admitted, "a fine picture of farming;" and what is the natural conclusion to which it would lead the mind of an unprejudiced owner of land? What might any reasonable Worcestershire landlord be expected to say? He would naturally say—"I will ascertain that my tenants have 'sufficient capital' to invest in improved cultivation; having done so, I will grant them long leases; I will aid them to adopt the efficiency and economy the steam-engine affords to many operations of husbandry, by so remodelling their farm-buildings and homesteads that the use of steam-engines may be possible; and, having done these things, I may fairly expect to receive an equivalent increase of rent." There is scarcely a farmer in the county of Worcester who would not have readily agreed in such conclusions; who would not have said, "That is something like business;" "Now the squire has travelled to some purpose;" or the like. But, in truth, Sir John was not talking to the farmers. He had the landlords of Worcestershire in his mind's eye, and any such practical conclusions from his own premises would have been deemed by them rank heresy. He therefore adverted to a non-essential portion of his "fine picture of farming" in Scotland, wherein he assumed it to contrast unfavourably with Worcestershire farms, and dwelt on that, saying:—

"Now, this was a fine picture of farming; but he must confess that he should be sorry, in the county of Worcester, to see all their beautiful elms, their wide-spreading oaks, and their rich apple-orchards felled, and their fields left as bare and fruitless as in the district he had named, for he saw there many high steam-engines, but he looked in vain for a lofty tree. But they might do a good deal in the way of improvement before they arrived at any such desperate alternative as that, and he thought they should endeavour to follow the example which had been set them in Scotland to a certain extent."

He said they must admit "that the general character of Worcestershire farming" was not good; "that they did not stand high in agriculture; and their first object should be to communicate knowledge to each other."

Now, why does Worcestershire not stand high in agriculture? The soil of that county is for the most part fertile, in some parts remarkably fertile, and generally easy to work. The climate is genial—far more genial than any part of Scotland. The county is within easy reach of some of our most populous manufacturing districts, where the best markets for all agricultural produce are to be found. Coal is cheap, and everything invites the Worcestershire farmer to use the steam-engine, save that which the Scotch farmer enjoys, a long lease. Nobody would suggest the stripping Worcestershire of her orchards, or even her oaks and elms; but the fields might be enlarged with advantage, and much of the timber usefully removed. The elm may be very beautiful, or the wide-spreading oak very magnificent in a landowner's eyes, but what will the farmers say when these fine ornaments of nature stand in the corn and turnip-fields? Are none of the small fields and straggling fences of Worcestershire maintained, of "malice aforethought," to preserve game? We hesitate not to say that, without interfering with general landscape or the orchards, such a removal of hedgerow timber and useless fences might be made in Worcestershire as, with long leases, would leave rents as high as those paid for land in Scotland, while the farmers would become far more independent and prosperous than they are at present. At the same meeting Sir Thomas Winnington said he had lately "visited the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. There, too, he saw tall chimneys intermixed with rural scenery, and there, too, he saw steam-engines used."

There, too, Sir Thomas might have said, he found leases forming the basis, and the sole basis, of improved husbandry. But, somehow or other, the landlords at these agricultural meetings always omit the most essential point. They seem to require the bricks to be made without straw; they preach improvement, yet ignore the only means by which it can be obtained. Yet Sir John Pakington shows it is not ignorance! What is it?

NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—In consequence of the number of accidents which occurred last winter from ladies' light dresses catching fire, an inquiry was directed by Her Majesty to be made, for the purpose of ascertaining if some means could be devised for rendering the materials of which such dresses are generally composed less inflammable. This inquiry was intrusted to Mr. Fred. Versmann, F.C.S., and Mr. Alphons Oppenheim, Ph.D., A.C.S., and an account of their investigations has been published in a pamphlet by Messrs. Trübner & Co., of Paternoster-row. They "advocate the adoption of sulphate of ammonia and of tungstate of soda in manufactures of light fabrics and in laundries." They believe that the general use of these salts will greatly reduce danger and loss of life through fire. The salts, prepared both for manufacturing purposes and domestic use, can now be procured in various parts of London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10th.
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THE RELIEF of LUCKNOW.—The Triumphant Meeting of Havelock, Outram, and Colin Campbell, surrounded by their Brave Companions. This grand Picture, by T. J. BAKER, Esq., is still ON VIEW from 9 to 6 o'clock. Admission Free, by Private Address Card. N.B. In dark weather, and after 3 o'clock, the Picture is brilliantly illuminated by artificial light.

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**THE LONDON REVIEW
AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

THE Taku forts were captured on the 21st of August, after five hours' hard fighting; four hundred men belonging to the allied army being placed *hors de combat*. The 67th and 44th Regiments, and the Marines, with 1,500 French, were the troops principally engaged in the assault. On the 26th, the allied plenipotentiaries arrived at Tientsin, whence they were shortly to start for Pekin, escorted by cavalry, the Chinese government having promised them an honourable reception. On the 18th and 20th of August, the Chinese rebels attempted to enter Shanghai, but were repulsed with terrible loss.

The Warsaw interview terminated on the 20th ult., apparently without any important result. From a telegram, however, dated Vienna, the 31st, we learn that Count Rechberg has given explanations to the diplomatic corps in reference to the interview. It appears that Austria put three questions to Russia and Prussia. She wished to know, in the first place, if Russia and Prussia will recognize the facts which have been or may be accomplished in Italy; next, what would be the attitude of the two powers should Austria be attacked by Sardinia; and, lastly, what Prussia would do in the event of another war, more particularly if the war should be transferred to any part of the territory of the German confederation. The Austrian Government, it is added, is on the point of addressing a circular note to its representatives abroad, on the nature and result of the interview at Warsaw. In the mean time negotiations of some kind are going on in Paris. Prince Metternich and Baron Hubner were received by the Emperor at St. Cloud on Sunday. They were pleased, it is said, with their reception, but what the object of discussion was does not appear. In the absence of authentic information, the Paris papers have, during the past week been making contradictory assertions with regard to an alleged ultimatum brought by Prince Metternich, and a secret mission attributed to M. Hubner. The *Opinione Nationale* published a short time ago a note, said to have been communicated by the Austrian Embassy in Paris to "correspondents of certain journals," threatening to make an appeal to arms, in order to assert the rights and principles stipulated in the last treaty. The effect produced by this statement upon the funds, even although it was immediately denounced as a fabrication in the *Moniteur*,

rendered it necessary for the Government to adopt judicial proceedings against M. Gueroul, the responsible editor of the paper, for circulating false intelligence. The *Patrie* of Wednesday last states that another rumour, viz. that the Austrian Government had resolved to send an ultimatum to Turin, is not true; and that positive and reliable information has been received in Paris that Austria will remain on the defensive, General Benedek having received instructions to this effect.

In the report read to the Turin Parliament by Count Cavour, he remarked that an illustrious writer in a lucid moment had demonstrated to Europe that liberty had been useful in exalting the religious spirit. The author alluded to was M. de Montalembert, who has published a reply, in which he does not rebut the assertion made by M. Cavour; but in combating the possible inferences from it, produces an ingenious article—glowing with rhetoric, but sadly deficient in logic—which may be accepted as a defence of the Italian policy advocated by the Ultramontane party in France.

Another important engagement has taken place between the Sardinians and Neapolitans, at a place situated between Teano and Sesso. It resulted in the defeat of the Bourbonists, and their retreat towards the Roman frontier. Capua is now completely shut out from communication with the main army, the Sardinian troops, on the 29th ult., having been concentrated on the southern bank of the Garigliano. On the 30th, a reconnaissance was made by the Sardinians, and some volleys of musketry and a short cannonade were exchanged between the outposts of the two forces; but it was believed that no engagement would take place in the territory between the Volturno and the Garigliano, as on the arrival of General Cialdini's corps the enemy commenced withdrawing towards Gaeta.

Advices from Naples state that, on the 27th ult., the Sardinian flotilla, disregarding the threats of the Emperor Napoleon, had cannonaded the royalists near Gaeta. The French admiral thereupon despatched the frigate *Descartes* to stop the firing, and Admiral Persano at once retired, expressing his regret at the conduct of the French. He returned to Naples.

M. Horn, an Hungarian exile, in the name of his countrymen, has published a letter in the *Courrier de Dimanche*, in which he refuses to recognize any importance in the Austrian decrees of the 20th ult., on the ground, *inter alia*, that they do not restore Transylvania to Hungary, or accord to the new Diet the privileges of the old assemblies. His opinions have since been supported by General Klapka. M. Szemeré, another Hungarian, who was formerly a minister under Kossuth, on the other hand, addresses a letter to the *Presse*, in which he recapitulates the opinions set forth in a work published by him on the Hungarian question some months ago, and takes a favourable view of the Austrian concessions.

The Hungarian population, however, appear to be less favourable to the new charter. On Monday, the 23rd, a riot took place at Pesth, in connection with the proposal to get up an illumination, in which fifty civilians were more or less seriously wounded by the military. One man only is dead, but twelve are lying in a very precarious state in the hospital of St. Rochus. In official circles it is asserted that these disturbances have been stirred up by French and Sardinian money, but this is not the case. They are national; the great majority of the Hungarians being dissatisfied with the Austrian charter.

The Spanish Cortes reassembled on the 25th ult. At a sitting of the Senate on the 28th Marshall O'Donnell stated that Spain is resolved to observe strict neutrality as regards the affairs of Italy, and that M. Rios Rosas is about to proceed on a mission to Rome. The government of Morocco has asked for delay in paying the war indemnity.

The *London Gazette* of Tuesday last contains the decree of the Emperor Napoleon, which had previously appeared in the *Moniteur*, enforcing the provisions of the new French tariff, which came into force on the 1st November current, in so far as concerns articles down to "refined sugar."

In the same *Gazette* there appears a decree of Garibaldi's government, translated from the official newspaper of Naples, whereby the Neapolitan tariff is assimilated to that of Sardinia, with the addition of ten per cent. to the amount of duty.

Lord Palmerston's visit to the North has occupied public attention during the week. While the events taking place on the Continent fill every foreign statesman with alarm, it is gratifying to find that the English Premier can bestow his time and thoughts upon subjects of so little immediate immediate importance as Mechanics' Institutes and Ragged Schools. Yet so it is. A scheme has been for some time contemplated, of erecting at Leeds buildings for an institute and a school of science, to consist of a reading-room, a library, a lecture-hall capable of seating 2,000 persons, class accommodation for 600 pupils, a gallery of art for 300 pupils, and a chemical laboratory for 100 pupils. The contemplated expense is £16,000. Donations have already been received to the extent of £5,000, but a balance of £11,000 remains to be collected by subscriptions. To aid the efforts of the committee in raising this sum, Lord Palmerston was induced to preside, on the 25th ult., at a *soirée* of the Leeds Institute and Literary Society. In the speech which he delivered on this occasion, he dwelt at length on the advantages of advanced schooling for mechanics, denounced the old and trite quotation, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" and advised every working man to learn fully, deeply, and completely everything that bore directly on the particular sphere of industry in which he is engaged; but, at the same time, not to confine himself to the mere study of things connected with his

immediate pursuits. He commended the study of science and history, and the perusal of such novels as those of Scott and Bulwer, as a relief from more recondite subjects; and in conclusion he expressed a hope, that no exertion or co-operation would be wanting on the part of the people of Leeds to give ample effect to the scheme which had been so nobly conceived for the enlargement of their institution. On the following day, the corporation of Leeds entertained the Premier to luncheon, and presented him with an address of congratulation, to which he replied at some length, expressing incidentally a hope that the changes now in progress in Southern Europe might lead to the establishment of a political system in Italy as conducive to the happiness and prosperity of the Italians as, unfortunately, some of the governments which have hitherto existed in that country have contributed to their unhappiness and their misery.

On the evening of the same day he presided at the annual meeting of the Leeds Ragged School Society and Shoebblack Brigade, and delivered a speech, in which he showed such a lively appreciation of the value and importance of these institutions, as to inspire the hope that their claims upon government recognition will meet with powerful support in the coming session of Parliament.

Previously to the *soirée* at Leeds, a meeting was held, of delegates from the Chambers of Commerce, in the chief centres of business in Yorkshire, to make arrangements for an interview with Lord Palmerston on the subject of the bankruptcy and insolvency laws. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Morley of London, who contends that the present Bankruptcy Court, instead of being, to use a definition of Lord Eldon, a court for the distribution of assets among creditors, is a court for the distribution of assets among official assignees and other functionaries. The opinions expressed by Mr. Morley were enthusiastically approved of, and a resolution in conformity with them was adopted for presentation to Lord Palmerston; a high eulogium was at the same time passed upon Sir Richard Bethell and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for their entire sympathies with the legitimate claims of mercantile men for reform in bankruptcy. Lord Palmerston promised that a measure similar to the Bill of last Session would be brought before Parliament.

Lord Palmerston's address at the Leeds *Soirée*, was followed by one on the same subject, delivered by Lord Stanley, at Warrington, on Saturday last, at a public dinner, on the occasion of a change in the organization of the Mechanics' Institute of that place. Lord Stanley is of opinion that one of

the main reasons why the children of the working classes leave school early, is the natural and honourable desire they have to get their own living as soon as they can. For persons who act on such motives, Mechanics' Institutions supply the means of further instruction. He felt convinced, from what had fallen under his notice as Chairman of the Kirkdale Quarter Sessions, that ignorance is a fruitful source of crime; and that instruction in every shape tends to improve the morality of the population. He therefore hoped that Mechanics' Institutions would become as successful in all parts of the country as they already are in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool.

In consequence of the hostility to Mr. Train's proposal to form street railways in the Marylebone district, he withdrew his application at a meeting of the representative council, on Saturday last, in order to give the vestry an opportunity of seeing his scheme carried into operation in Victoria-street. On Tuesday he attended a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers, to explain his plans for the introduction of street railways in the crowded thoroughfares of the City. On the ground that he had himself admitted that he was not anxious now to commence his operations in this part of the metropolis, the consideration of the subject was postponed for a month.

The rapid progress of the volunteer movement is truly gratifying. The number of riflemen, originally ascertained to be 70,000, then 140,000, is now estimated at 200,000. Reports of rifle matches reach us from all parts of the country. At Hightown, near Liverpool, the Lancashire contest commenced this week, the aggregate value of the prizes contended for amounting to £1,000. The prizes to those members of the St. George's Rifles who had been successful in the recent shooting-match, were distributed on Monday last by Sir Hamilton Seymour. He took the opportunity, in a spirited speech, to express a conviction that the rifle movement will be permanent. It had been found so conducive to public health as already to have affected the bills of mortality.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales met with a magnificent reception at New York. On the day after his arrival he visited the University and other public institutions, and was entertained to a great ball in the Academy of Music. His Royal Highness left New York on the 15th ult., and arrived at Boston on the evening of the 17th, and was received in that city with the greatest enthusiasm. He arrived at Portland on the 20th, and the same day embarked for England.

The arrival of the Cape mail brings further news of the progress of Prince Alfred in Southern Africa. After visiting the capital of the Orange River Free State he passed through Wynburg to Harrismith, on the Natal boundary. Thence he proceeded to D'Urban, where he met with a warm welcome. On the 6th he re-embarked in the *Euryalus*, and on the 17th he laid the foundation-stone of the Breakwater at Cape Town, a ceremony which is looked upon in the colony as the great event of his visit. After inaugurating a Sailors' Home and a new Library Hall he left the colony on the 19th, amid the liveliest demonstrations of respect and loyalty.

The Earl of Dundonald, one of the most remarkable men the century has produced, died at his residence in Kensington on the morning of the 31st ult.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE Bank of England has not as yet raised its minimum rate of discount, and the minds of public writers on this question have fluctuated almost from day to day. In the early part of the week money was temporarily abundant, the market easy, and the hopes high. As the week advanced, the market was less easy, the demand on the Bank increased, gold was again withdrawn, and fears of a rise in the rate of discount again predominated. Permanent ease is out of the question, but how long it will be before the rise takes place we cannot say. Something is due to the nature of our trade, a less amount of legal tender being required for an active foreign trade carried on chiefly by bills than for an active home and retail trade carried on by ready money.

On Thursday, November 1st, the Bank was shut as usual for striking the balance of its accounts, and no business was done on the Stock Exchange. With no change in the money market, and no great political changes, the funds and shares have continued very steady. Consols have gravitated about 93. Railway shares have only slightly fluctuated, and are not depressed. Of foreign funds only the Turkish have become a little lively; on what the expectation of improvement in the condition of Turkey is founded does not appear. The shares of the Grand Trunk and Great Western of Canada do not keep up so well as the shares of the leading lines in the United States. Stocks suitable for permanent investment keep remarkably steady.

The corn market, too, has not undergone any great changes in the week. Large quantities of foreign corn continue to arrive, and these, with what was in store, has in general kept the markets full. A comparatively small quantity of our own crops has, as yet, been sold, and this being composed of many different qualities, various prices are demanded.

Sugar, rice, tea, and other foreign products, particularly the first named, have all been in increased demand, and prices have tended upwards. The stocks of sugar and the arrivals are comparatively small; and although the reports from the sugar-growing countries are favourable as to the ~~current~~ crops, the price has risen.

The markets for our manufactures continue active and good; but for such productions as Nottingham lace, which depend very much on the home market, the demand is not active.

The great increase of the exports in September, 18 per cent. as compared to last September, and in the eight months of the year, of 4 per cent., shows very conclusively that the dullness of trade complained of through the year, is confined to our home and internal trade. A similar tale is told by our imports.

the eight months of which the returns are published, the computed value of our principal imports rose from 89 millions to 106 millions. From this great increase of our foreign trade, the opinion that the ungenial spring, the cold, wet summer and autumn, causing a great comparative deficiency of horticultural and agricultural produce, has greatly impeded our prosperity, is amply confirmed. Had the season been favourable we should have heard none of the complaints that have arisen in Coventry, Birmingham, and other places. The ribbon-manufacturers (as Mr. Cobden has stated), the Spitalfields weavers, the Birmingham smiths, the retail drapers and grocers, and others, have only suffered from the deficiency of the home demand, and in the home-grown produce, from which they have to look for their reward. We ought to remember this fact in our discussion about the French ~~Tariff and other political matters to which some persons continually ascribe the dullness of trade.~~

The value of cottons, linens, woollens, and mixed fabrics of silk exported, also the value of metals, except railway iron, is considerably in excess of last year.

The changes made in the French tariff—some of which were published, as we then announced, last week—have been received by our manufacturers with general approbation. They know that what is now done will lead to further changes; that every extension of freedom in one direction, makes it necessary to extend it in another; and if the present changes are not all that they desire, they receive them thankfully, and hope for greater improvements. The men of Wolverhampton, for example, say that as respects hardware they are agreeably surprised to find the duties so low. On cast-iron goods, common castings, &c., the duty will be only £1. 8s. 6d. per ton. Hollow wares, including pots and pans, will pay only £2. 0s. 3d. per ton on import, and till now such articles were prohibited. If tinned or enamelled the duty will be £4. 16s. 7d. per ton. This is only a specimen of the permission granted to import articles at a low duty before prohibited; and as it applies to articles very much in use in England, and very much required in France, we may reasonably expect that the French will profit much by these conveniences, and that a mutually beneficial exchange will rapidly extend—of the produce of the peasantry of France for that of the artisans of England. Such articles are now subjected to heavier duties in the United States than they will henceforth be in France.

The import of crude iron in lumps or prisms, not freed from the dross, is another article which was prohibited in France; now it is to be admitted, subject to a duty of five francs per 100 kilogrammes, and already purchasers from France have appeared in Staffordshire for this material.

It is a pity that the *Times*, before publishing, on Thursday, an amusing article on the French tariff, did not look into the *Gazette*. In that it would have seen that many of the freshly-imposed duties which it describes, not entirely erroneously, as "tortures infinitely great and infinitely small on British industry," are substituted for prohibitions. Thirteen times is the word "prohibited" applied to classes of articles repeated in the enumeration of the part of the tariff published; and if the restrictions substituted for these prohibitions be tortures, the prohibitions were meant to be death. Undoubtedly, the new condition of the trade between England and France is very far from free; but the tortures belong to the old system, and the blessings to the new. They will be, we believe, very small impediments in the way of our imports into France, but they will constitute, for some time, very grievous inflictions on the French.

MEN OF MARK.—No. VIII.

MR. WILLIAM BROWN—(*concluded from our last*).

MR. BROWN's steady advocacy of Liberal and Free Trade principles had marked him out as an eligible candidate for South Lancashire in the League interest. Some stirrings of Parliamentary ambition seconded the entreaties of his friends; and in 1844 he contested the Southern division unsuccessfully against Mr. Entwistle. He polled no less than 6,973 votes, but was defeated by a majority of 600. Mr. Brown now threw himself heartily into the League agitation, presided at a Liverpool Free-trade gathering, and took the chair at one of the League meetings held in Covent-garden Theatre. When the League resolved, in 1855, to raise a fund of a quarter of a million, he sent £1,000 as his contribution. The year 1846 found him battling for free trade, both with tongue and pen. He presided at League meetings in Liverpool, and engaged in a controversy with Mr. Abbott Lawrence, then of Boston, but afterwards the accomplished United States Minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. Brown's letters in favour of commercial reform and free trade, and Mr. Abbot Lawrence's rejoinder, were published in a Boston paper, and afterwards reprinted in this country.

Lord Francis Egerton having succeeded to the title of Earl of Ellesmere, a vacancy was created in the representation of South Lancashire. Mr. Brown was elected without opposition in June, 1846, and took his seat in time to hear the Royal assent given to the Corn-law Repeal Bill. The dissolution of the League followed. At a meeting of the League held in Manchester, Mr. Bright (seconded by Mr. Cobden) moved the first resolution, dissolving the League; while Mr. Brown followed with a second resolution, providing for the reconstitution of the League, should any attempt be made to re-impose the taxes on food. The League voted Mr. George Wilson £10,000, and a testimonial to Mr. Cobden was commenced. Mr. Brown put his firm down for £1,000, and the subscription thus headed eventually realized £80,000. In September Mr. Brown was entertained at a public dinner at Warrington, in celebration of his return for the county. In the following year he was selected to represent the Free-traders of Lancashire at the Brussels Congress of all Nations.

A gentleman who entered, in his sixty-second year, an assembly proverbially jealous of all reputations not of its own making, could scarcely hope to make a parliamentary name. Yet Mr. Brown made a favourable *début*. His maiden speech was delivered on Lord John Russell's motion to suspend the tea-duties, in January, 1847. Mr. Brown replied to the Protectionist leader, Lord George

Bentinck, with so much success that ~~Lord John~~, ~~Mr. Brown~~ congratulated the House upon the valuable accession they had gained in the new Member for South Lancashire, whose speech, he added, rendered it unnecessary for him to reply to Lord George Bentinck. Mr. Brown took his seat on the Ministerial benches, and not unfrequently addressed the House on commercial topics. Of the middle height, he was, at this period, somewhat robust, wore spectacles, and already, from his grey hairs, that receded from his forehead, had something venerable in his appearance. His features were somewhat strongly marked, of the Hibernian type, with the frontal development just above the eyes so often associated with a knowledge of the world and great perceptive faculties. His voice, unfortunately, was often so weak, and his utterance so indistinct, that the least buzz of conversation was fatal to the comprehension of his meaning. Sometimes even the strained attention of a thin House was insufficient. A singular, and almost unprecedented circumstance which passed under the writer's eye, will illustrate both Mr. Brown's inaudibility in the House and the value attached to his speeches. The honourable Member was the warm advocate of a decimal coinage, and on one occasion gave notice of his intention to bring it before the House. As it was his intention to quote a good deal of documentary evidence in support of his views, the honourable gentleman, for the convenience of referring to his papers, spoke from the table on the Opposition side. Members turned their best ear to the great merchant; but as few of his remarks reached them, it is no wonder that a gentleman, said to be connected with the Mint, who had been favoured with a seat under the gallery, was still less fortunate. Not a syllable could he hear, who had come prepared to enjoy a great intellectual and arithmetical treat. He converted his hand into an ear-trumpet, but in vain, and his despair grew tragic. At length, as the sound would not come to Gamaliel, Gamaliel determined to go to the sound. Accordingly he left his seat, and entering the sacred precincts of the House, he sauntered along the Opposition benches, nor stopped until he had gained the bench immediately behind Mr. Brown, where he composed himself to the enjoyment of the honourable Member's remarks.

After a few minutes, for the speech was a long one, an usher was struck by a face not familiar to him, and he asked a brother-usher "who that new member was?" Nobody knew him. The clerks at the table were appealed to, but they could not remember having administered the oaths to the strange visitor. The Serjeant-at-Arms was now apprised that there was a stranger, or what seemed such, in the body of the House. The matter became serious. It is a high breach of privilege for any person not a member to enter the House itself (by which is not meant the part allotted to strangers), the penalty being commitment to custody, if not removal to Newgate or the Tower, and the payment of a good round sum in the shape of fees. The Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms made his way to the stranger, asked him to follow him, and led him from the body of the House. We all expected a "scene"—an appearance at the bar, a humble apology, a rebuke from the Speaker, or, perhaps, a remand and a search for precedents. Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Viscount Eversleigh), however, took a more lenient and sensible view of the matter, and strained the practice of the House in the visitor's favour. His offence was so manifestly involuntary, and Mr. Brown was so provokingly inaudible, that the Speaker advised that no public notice of the matter should be taken by the Serjeant-at-Arms. The offender was therefore dismissed, and the matter was never brought before the House at all. Mr. Brown all this time, unconscious of the occurrence, was quoting his

statistics, reading his documents, endeavouring, in vain, to make himself heard, and suggesting to Mr. Monckton Milnes those regrets that the honourable Member had not entered Parliament earlier, which he expressed the other day, in general terms, at Pontefract.

At the next election, in 1847, Mr. Brown was elected for South Lancashire without opposition. Mr. C. P. Villiers was returned with him, as a proper compliment to his early and unwearied advocacy of free trade. But that gentleman was also elected for Wolverhampton, and on his choosing to sit for that borough the electors sent Mr. Henry to Parliament as Mr. Brown's colleague. It is recorded that Mr. Brown voted on 115 divisions during the session of 1847-8, and the praise of assiduity in the discharge of his parliamentary duties cannot fairly be denied him.

But the greatest public service rendered by Mr. Brown, if not in Parliament, yet in virtue of his parliamentary position, was in 1856. The Government of the United States declared that the British Minister at Washington had violated the law of the United States in raising a foreign legion in the Union for service in the Crimea, and summarily dismissed Mr. Crampton. Lord Palmerston warmly resented the insult, and vindicated the conduct of Her Majesty's Minister. The American Government had allowed proceedings to go on which they afterwards contended were contrary to the law of the United States, without sending for Mr. Crampton, or telling him what it was supposed he was guilty of doing. "They allow these things to accumulate (said Lord Palmerston) in order that, when the proper time arrives, they may either take advantage of them, or deal with them as matters which do not deserve consideration." These views being fully shared by the Cabinet, the public were prepared by a semi-official announcement for the dismissal of Mr. Dallas. Great alarm prevailed in monetary and commercial circles. A sudden activity was observable in our arsenals and dockyards. Supplies of the *matériel* of war were sent out to Canada; and the Secretary of State for the Colonies assured the Canadians that they would be supported by the whole force of the mother country in the event of war. Troops were despatched to British North America, and heavily-armed vessels of war received sailing orders for the American seaboard. So great was the uneasiness, that the underwriters at Lloyds were asked in almost every case to insure against capture and seizure, and a percentage was actually charged for the increased risk. Public opinion at home supported the Government in declaring that Mr. Crampton's dismissal by President Pierce was unjustifiable, indefensible, and offensive.

At this moment of peril, when the rupture of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries would probably have been followed by insulting and belligerent

proceedings on the Canadian frontier and in Central America, Mr. Brown came forward as a mediator between the two countries. He deprecated irritating debates in Parliament, induced Mr. Baillie to withdraw a party question condemnatory of the Government in regard to enlistment in the States, and made an appeal to a virulent Irish Member, who was determined to make a speech on the subject, which fixed him with a tremendous weight of responsibility, and procured him a signal defeat on a division. The honourable member for South Lancashire offered his personal mediation between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Dallas, and meanwhile expressed his conviction in the House of Commons, that the disputes between the two countries would be amicably arranged to the satisfaction of both Governments, if no new cause of disagreement were supplied by party debates. The American Minister in London gladly accepted Mr. Brown's mediation, for he did not wish to be sent back to Washington. With

Lord Palmerston the honourable Member's task was more difficult. What took place at these interviews has never been publicly stated. Some assert that Mr. Brown put before the Premier facts and figures proving that a rupture between the two countries would be followed not only by rebellion in the Slave States, but also by a revolution in Lancashire. Others, with perhaps more reason, opine that Mr. Brown represented the conduct of the American Government as an attempt to get a little "Buncombe" out of the difficulty, with an eye to the next presidential election, and was so regarded in the union—that the attempt would signally fail (as the event proved)—and that if Lord Palmerston would only treat the affair as an unscrupulous and desperate attempt to get up a little political capital, he would, in a few months, be rewarded for his forbearance by seeing President Pierce and Secretary Marcy relapse into political obscurity and insignificance. Those who know Lord Palmerston best, affirm that the appeal to his magnanimity succeeded, when cotton statistics, tonnage, and all sorts of figures failed to shake his resolution to vindicate the insult passed upon Her Majesty's representative. The Prime Minister yielded to the representations of one who spoke with peculiar weight, not only as a merchant, but as one of the most consistent and influential of Lord Palmerston's admirers and supporters in Parliament.

Mr. Brown was not, however, satisfied with mediating between the two Governments. He appealed to the two nations, and at his instance Liverpool, Manchester, and other English towns, adopted addresses to the larger and more influential cities of the Union. These demonstrations elicited cordial and satisfactory responses from the other side of the Atlantic, breathing peace, and denouncing those who attempted to kindle disunion between two great and kindred nations. The political horizon soon cleared. Mr. Dallas remained in London, and Mr. Brown received the thanks and congratulations of all who knew his noble and useful endeavours to avert so hideous, unnatural, and horrible an event as a war between the two countries.

The honourable Member retired from Parliament, full of years and honours, in 1859, being warned by his increasing winters to seek for the repose which a parliamentary life denies to those who do their duty faithfully to their constituents.

So long ago as 1853, Mr. Brown, who had given £1,000 to the Northern Hospital, offered to build a Public Library for the town of Liverpool, at a cost of £6,000, on condition that the corporation would provide a suitable site. The offer was accepted, but some tardiness having been manifested by the town

council, Mr. Brown, in 1856, extended his offer to £12,000. The design had now grown from a Free Public Library to a Public Museum, capacious enough to contain the splendid natural history collection bequeathed to the town of Liverpool by the late Earl of Derby. Even this munificent offer provoked delay. At length Mr. Brown, wishing, as he said, to see the building erected, and in operation during his life, declared his willingness to construct a Free Public Library and Museum, and present it to his fellow-townsmen. The princely gift has cost the donor about £40,000, while the cost incurred by the corporation and the museum committee in the site is estimated at £25,000 more.

Mr. Brown is unhappily a widower, and childless. Mrs. Brown died about three years ago, having lived to mourn the loss of her son and daughter. Mr. Brown, however, enjoys the society of grandchildren and other relatives, his son Alexander having left a widow and children, who reside with him at Richmond Hill, near Liverpool. Mr. Brown's brother James, who established himself in New York about the time that William commenced his successful career at Liverpool, took part in the inauguration ceremony the week before last, and had the gratification of hearing, with his two sons, the splendid speeches of Lord Brougham, Lord Stanley, and other distinguished guests, in praise of his brother's munificence.

And now to what conclusion do we arrive as to the *character* of commerce, after this examination of the life and career of one in whom the merchant princes of Florence seem again to revisit the earth? With a slight adaptation of the glowing and almost prophetic eulogy of the American "Knickerbocker," we may say,—*"We find that the real source of national prosperity, greatness, and power is the once contemned pursuit of commerce. We find that commerce is a civilizing principle, eminently favourable to the advancement of science and the cultivation of intellect, potent in its operation on the welfare of states, adverse to war and discord, a promoter of human happiness, and the natural and efficient stimulus to production, because it is the means by which the advantages of productions are realized. We find that commerce is creative, beneficent, pacific, light-diffusing, and promotive of human comfort. We find that, for all charitable institutions, for the relief of individuals or communities in distress, for the endowment of literary and scientific bodies,—in a word, for every kind of beneficent purpose or object, the donations of the merchants are always the largest and the most freely given. We find that a first-rate merchant is one of the most useful and honourable members of society, and that to constitute a first-rate merchant are demanded the highest attributes of mind and disposition, clearness and vigour of intellect, extensive knowledge, sound judgment, perfect integrity, liberality of sentiment, and unsullied honour. To COMMERCE, then, as well for its beneficent influence as for the worthy and distinguished men it has produced, the most intellectual, the most instructed, and the most philanthropic men that ever lived might esteem it no less than an honour to belong."*

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XVII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE EXPRESSES HIS OPINION OF POPULARITY.

IT was said in my presence a few days ago, at a certain great house in Pall-mall, by one who did not know that Mr. Wagstaffe was of the company, that the "GOUTY PHILOSOPHER" was a popular writer. I vehemently denied the assertion, and I am quite certain from the looks of some of the people who heard me, that my dissent was ascribed by one kind friend to my envy—by another to my ill-nature—and by a third to my utter ignorance both of Mr. Wagstaffe and of his lucubrations.

If I do achieve popularity—a result of my labours which I certainly do not expect—it will not be because I have striven for it. I have lived long enough to be able to estimate popular favour at its true value, and to despise it accordingly—with all its inanities and insanities. A man may become popular in spite of himself, and be none the worse for it; and such a popularity I for one will neither despise nor deprecate; but, whether in politics, in literature, in art, or in preaching, I hold that the man who makes himself a popularity-hunter is a charlatan—or worse. To my mind the assertion that the people (not meaning what is called the mob, but the majority of living men and women of all ranks and classes) are the best judges of merit and virtue, and form the supreme Court of Criticism, is a rank absurdity; while the old Roman saying, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, seems to me little less than blasphemous. Get together ten thousand people in any country in the world—I do not care whether they be English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, Americans, Italians, or Chinese—and ask yourself, or any other wise man, what is the percentage of prudent, humane, well-informed, educated, and reasonable beings among them? Is it three per cent.? Perhaps! Five per cent.? Certainly not. And shall the ninety-seven fools out of every hundred people pretend that their opinion and their voice are divine, and that they are the supreme and ultimate judges of right and wrong? of literature? of art? or of anything that does not make a direct appeal to their stomachs or their pockets? As for me, I speak for the three and not for the hundred. I want a fit audience—not a numerous one—and would rather that one true, good fellow should think me a true, good fellow, than that ninety-nine donkeys should bray their delight at my heels—not knowing why they made such a noise, and being quite as ready to bray their displeasure if they were told to do so by some aristocrat of donkeys, far more stupid than themselves.

Popularity is a shallow, empty, frivolous, unmeaning shell and semblance. The street play of Punch and Judy is more popular than Othello and Desdemona. Harlequin and Columbine command themselves to a greater amount of popular favour than Hamlet and Ophelia. The so-called Negro Melodies are more popular than the loveliest or grandest works of Mozart, Beethoven,

or Mendelssohn. If you doubt it, ask Messrs. Cramer & Beale, or the proprietors of the *Musical Bouquet*. In the estimation of the people, is Julius Cæsar equal to Clown? or Oliver Cromwell to Harlequin? Is the noblest song of Burns or Moore half so well esteemed by the multitude as "Billy Barlow," "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," or "Old Dog Tray"? Is Newton's "Principia" popular? Or Bacon's "Novum Organum"? Or Milton's "Paradise Lost"? Or Plato's "Philosophy"? Or Whateley's "Logic"? Or Kant's "Metaphysics"? Or Shakspeare's Sonnets? Or Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste"? Bah!

" 'Tis my delight on a shiny night,
In the season of the year;"

that is the poetry of the million. "Make money honestly if you can; but at all events make money;"—that is the philosophy of the million. The Red Lion on the signboard of the public-house,—that is the fine art of the million. The figure-head of a ship, or the Highlander at the door of a snuff-shop,—that is the sculpture of the million. A public hanging at Newgate or Horsemonger-lane,—that is the great show and spectacle of the million, to enjoy which, men and women, boys and girls, will sit out in the rain for a whole night, in order to secure a good view and a good place in the morning. It has been said in support of the foolish principle of the "Vox populi vox Dei," that in a crowded theatre the audience always laughs at the right joke, and, as a matter of course, applauds the most virtuous sentiments; but what of that? There is not one man among them who would laugh at the same jokes if told to him privately; or who would appreciate the stage virtue if it came before him in the ordinary intercourse of life and business. The stupider the joke, the more it is appreciated in public; and the more trite and obvious the morality, the better the majority like it upon the stage, and the more they refuse to conform to it everywhere else.

The principle may be tested in a variety of ways. Let me test it by popularity in preaching. Who, I ask, is the popular preacher in our day? Is it the man, who in scholarly language, with noble elocution, with high command of rhetoric and logic, and the aid of all the graces that flow from a cultivated, gentlemanly, and, above all, a charitable mind, inculcates the purest and loftiest Christianity? Not so. Such a man may preach to empty pews, unless he be a lord as well as a clergyman, when the tuft-hunters will run after him, not for his piety, but for his rank and social position. The really popular preacher is the man of fire and brimstone—the man who, with furious gesticulations, damns to eternal perdition all the world that dares to disagree with him—the man who rants and raves, and will allow of no salvation beyond the limits of his own little self-conceited sect; who jeers and jests in the pulpit, who treats his congregation as if they were an audience at a theatre, and turns what ought to be the most serious business of life into a farce. The "comic pulpit"! The very name that offends the judicious, attracts the multitude. They have been sent to sleep by pulpit oratory many a time and oft. Why should not pulpit oratory make them laugh? It is not the doctrine for which they care;—they allow doctrine to take care of itself. They desire to be amused on the Sunday as well as on the Saturday; and if the comic preacher amuses them, is he not, in their estimation, a great preacher, and worthy to be popular now and for evermore? Do not his vulgar portraits cram the windows of the printshops in juxtaposition and rivalry with those of Sayers and Heenan? Honest Dr. Primrose, or any other rural vicar, as gentle and as kind as he, and passing his unostentatious life in deeds of charity and comfort to the poor, would have no chance against such a Boanerges, with or without his brimstone.

And on this point of popular preaching, though I grieve to be compelled to say it, let the pulpit orator but cease to be a bachelor, and his congregations, like his slippers, will grow fewer and fewer. Neither the Rev. Mr. Brimstone nor the Rev. Mr. Treacle should rush into matrimony, if he desires to remain popular. For him no more costly cassocks, no more splendidly-bound Bibles, no more elegantly-wrought braces, no more purses heavy with new sovereigns, subscribed by the fair ladies of his congregation, after he shall have taken that fatal step. He may be a good preacher and a good man after he marries, but his popularity will depart to return no more.

I shall next test the principle of popularity by literature, and begin with the newspapers. What is the most popular article in a daily journal? Is it the brilliant leader, or the noble speech in Parliament of a minister, or of a minister's opponent? Emphatically, no. It is the filthy story narrated before Sir Creswell Creswell, or the hideous detail of the last new murder that has affrighted and scandalized the town. For one man who reads the leader or the speech, fifty men and women read the dirty law case; and a hundred gloat over the details of the murder, or of the murderer's execution.

Then, as to books;—Macaulay's History of England never reached half as many editions, or sold a tithe of as many copies, as the "elegantly pious and sweetly sentimental" details of the life, correspondence, and death of Capt. Headly Vicars. The lugubrious vaticinations of a celebrated divine, who tells the world that it will come to an end in 1866, or thereabouts, employ the paper mills, the compositors, the binders, and the retail booksellers more largely than the books of any other Divine of the day. Somehow or other the people like to be told that the end of the world is close at hand; and although they don't believe it, they are none the less interested and instructed. A sensation is something worth having;—and this is a very peculiar and delightful sensation as long as it is thought

about. Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, and Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton are doubtless popular writers; but the trashy romances published in the penny weekly journals reach a far more numerous audience than their works ever penetrated into. The "Dream Book of Mother Shipton," the "Book of Fate," the "Oracle of the Future," and the lives of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, far exceed in sale, and therefore in popularity, the works of all these writers put together, and the works of Sir Walter Scott, or any fifty lady writers you like to name, thrown into the scale as a make-weight.

Test popularity in another sense, and see what it amounts to. Power, not virtue, is what the people applaud. The same crowds who shouted their loud *vivats* at the coronation of Louis XVI., shouted their execration at his scaffold. Why? Because he was powerful in the one case, and powerless in the other. Robespierre was lord and master of the crowd one day. The next he was the vilest of the vile in the people's estimation, though neither by word, deed, or intention had he changed in the interval. But his enemies had got the better of him; he was weak, and he was execrated accordingly. Napoleon Bonaparte smiled when he was a poor sub-lieutenant, but nobody saw anything in his smile beyond the smile of any other poor wretch toiling for his daily bread,—a very commonplace, unmeaning smile, no doubt;—but when he became Emperor, the same smile was pronounced by the most competent and skilful judges of smiles, to be absolutely angelic, and to have a supernatural fascination, only to be accounted for by the places or pensions that were expected to flow out of it, like light from the sun. The multitude who greeted Napoleon III., on his state visit to London, with such a *furore* of gratulation, applauded him for his power. Had the *coup d'état* been a *coup manqué*, and he had escaped with his head upon his shoulders to London, would there have been a crowd at his heels? We have been told within a few days by Mazzini, that a Neapolitan mob are crying out "*Morte!*" against him, for a few ducats distributed amongst them. Can there be any doubt that they would cry out: *Viva* for a few ducats more? Who, it may be asked, was so popular as M. De Lamartine, when he had the power of all France in his hands? And who is less popular now that he has no power, and can scarcely make both ends meet in his humble but honourable household? But all this is very trite, and need not be insisted upon. Popular favour! he that depends upon it—

" Swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was once your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

Popularity hangs upon power, and power once gone, away goes popularity—as the shadow flies when the substance has departed.

The fact is, that there is nothing in this world which the great bulk of the people, in all climates and countries, can really understand or appreciate, except physical and mechanical power. Intellectual power is too huge—too vast—too deep—too delicate—for their capacity. They cannot measure it, weigh it, understand it, or even become aware of it. A prize-fight—a bull-fight—a cock-fight—or a great battle between the armies of two rival potentates—these are the things they can feel and appreciate. They understand Heenan and Sayers, Napoleon and Wellington, and the winner of the Derby; but they can no more understand intellect than a pint can hold a quart, or a fly on the dome of St. Paul's understand the debates in the British Parliament. In conclusion, I state my opinion firmly, not dogmatically, that nobody while living was ever popular in any nation, except for his physical qualities, and that nobody ever will be really popular for any other quality until he shall be dead and buried. Then, perhaps, when he is in nobody's way, the public may rub its drowsy eyes, and admit that the dead man was a great man;—rest his soul! Power of body—power over men's lives and fortunes—power of giving away places, pensions, and perquisites—these are the sources of popularity. Power of mind, in any of its manifestations of reason, fancy, or imagination, never is, never was, never will be popular until Death seals it with sanctity. As long as the mass of mankind are ignorant, so long will mere popularity not be worth having. The memory of Charles II. remains popular, no one knows why, unless it be for the power of his vices; and that of William III. remains unpopular, no one knows why, unless it be for the grim honesty of his character, and the sturdiness of his intellect. And of all the creations of the teeming brain and noble intellect of Shakspeare, which is the most popular? The greatest blackguard he ever drew—the cowardly lascivious knave and cheat, Sir John Falstaff. The popular and populous world can understand Falstaff; Hamlet is infinitely above its comprehension. He belongs to the three, and not to the ninety-seven.

Popularity! quotha! he who hunts it may get it; but it is a dead, sear apple when acquired—full, not of juice, but of dust and ashes.

ENGLISH ART ON THE CONTINENT.

AT the annual exhibition of works of living artists, which has just come to a close at Brussels, there occurred an event which is not without its importance. Then, for the first time (with insignificant exceptions), English artists presented themselves before a foreign public. When we heard that such was to be the case, we looked forward to the result with some degree of confidence—hoping they would achieve a success that would be creditable to themselves and honourable to their country. We must now acknowledge ourselves disappointed. English art was represented on the occasion by Landseer, D. Roberts, Ward, Dyce, Egg, and two or three others of less note—each of whom had forwarded but one work. Sir Edwin Landseer's contri-

bution was that large grey canvas which last year was exhibited in Trafalgar-square, and in which, although great technical powers are manifested, such strange confusion predominates, that it is only with great difficulty and after much attention, the meaning of the representation can be at all understood. "Jerusalem, from the South," the work sent by Mr. Roberts is not unlike a chromo-lithograph, and its exhibition will certainly not tend to enhance the reputation of the author amongst those to whom he, like Landseer, is almost exclusively known by published engravings of his works. Such persons will be under the necessity of concluding that these two artists—the only English painters, perhaps, whose reputations extend beyond the limits of their own country—owe more to the skill of the engraver than they had hitherto supposed.

Mr. Egg's picture, "Past and Present," which was favourably noticed when exhibited at our own Academy, on the other side of the channel scarcely received the notice its merits deserve. But in this there is little to wonder at. The picture does not explain itself, and the information given in the catalogue seemed framed for the purpose of conveying no meaning. The work was an enigma, and an enigma the solution of which the public did not care to attempt. They passed to something else. "Titian's First Essay at Colour" by Mr. Dyce, is not likely to detain them. They shrug their shoulders as they pass it, and wish to be informed whether the painter has attempted the imitation of some stained-glass window. The work Mr. Ward has selected for exhibition was "Marie Antoinette Listening to the Reading of her Bill of Indictment." On the same walls hung a picture (by Muller of Paris) similar—almost identical—in character, "Queen Marie Antoinette Listening to the Reading of her Death Warrant." With this Mr. Ward's production was very frequently compared—indeed, from the similarity of subject, one could scarcely fail to compare them—and the conclusion, we believe, generally arrived at was to the disadvantage of our countryman.

Thus was English art represented at Brussels.

From what has been said, the reader—if he has any the slightest acquaintance with matters of art—must perceive that amongst a collection of works to which Gérôme, Madou, Troyon-Dillens, Robert-Fleury, Israels, &c. had contributed, English art did not get itself efficiently represented on the occasion; on the contrary, that it was inadequate, both with respect to quantity and quality. It is, however, to be hoped that the example set by the English gentlemen we have named will be extensively followed hereafter. An annual opportunity presents itself; the Exhibition is held alternately at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp. A more frequent comparison of their works with those of foreign artists, if it produce no other result, will have the effect of eradicating that mannerism which, either in conception or execution, characterizes all the works of our English School. For, just as an inhabitant of these islands carries with him a something which, to men of other lands, proclaims his nationality, so do the productions of English painters—however much in style and degree they differ from each other—bear incontestable evidence of their island origin. An English citizen may justly be proud of his country, and may, if he chose confess it by his demeanour. But with an English painter it is otherwise. A painter is properly and emphatically a translator; and, whether he aim at symbolizing inward emotions in outward forms, or at representing realities, whether of action or sentiment, fact or fict, or both combined, he should ever use a language universally understood. The materials may be local, but the rendering must be universal; the effect must be absolute, not relative. He should not be understood by the inhabitants of his own land alone; there must be no *patanities*; his conceptions should be those of a cosmopolitan; his representations should be appreciable by all. In proportion as he accomplishes this will his success be.

A more extensive acquaintance with foreign art, and a more frequent competition with foreign artists, may likewise have the good effect of checking a tendency which seems to be gaining ground amongst our artists; namely, to suppose Art to have the same end and object as Morality and Religion, and to regard it as something mystical. This fundamental fallacy is at once stale and new; stale because it was long ago refuted by Goethe, among others; new, because the refutation is unknown or forgotten by the public. In opposition to this fallacy, now revived by Mr. John Ruskin and others, Goethe continually and successfully contended—that Art is no longer Art unless it be allowed an end and object specially its own—that, namely, of pleasing. As, however, in so doing, it appeals to some of the highest feelings of man, it incidentally becomes an ally of Morality and Religion; but it is quite independent of them, and not the less "spiritual." We earnestly hope English artists will take note of this, and not allow the well-established and approved idea to be subverted by the crude ignorance of those who, whenever a particular study becomes the fashion, are absorbed by it, and pretend to find in it the whole of their social and religious life.

VICTOR HUGO'S "RUY BLAS."

MR. FALCONER'S adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," furnishes a conspicuous illustration of that timidity of hand, which is apparent in almost all attempts to transplant upon our stage the highest examples of the French romantic drama. With the fear of our English prejudices before his eyes, Mr. Falconer has destroyed the vital interest of the play at its very source, by metamorphosing the Queen of Spain into the *Princess of Neuberg*. He evidently thought it would be dangerous to allow a wife to be made the object of a serious passion, as if we hadn't it already in a hundred plays of our own: and so he has made the *Princess* neither wedded nor single, but hovering between both as the affianced wife of the youthful king, married in her cradle by proxy, which, in effect, is an obligation to marry and not a marriage. Mr. Falconer does not seem to have perceived that by this arrangement, which leaves open the possibility of a prosperous issue to the devotion of the lover, he annihilates the fundamental idea of the drama. The great terror, that hangs suspended like destiny over the action, is taken out of the play, and the tragic interest is displaced by a melodramatic imbroglio. What was really grand in the original, was the despairing love of the valet for his queen, the distance between them, and the barrier which it was destruction to both to pass. It is a pity that it should be thought complimentary to our morality to alter the conditions of a great conception, the interpretation of which depends upon their strict observance.

There are other objections; but they are comparatively of minor importance. The etiquette scene, in which the poor *Princess* is made a prisoner by state ceremonials, becomes ridiculous from the fact that the lady is not yet Queen. The scene between the *Princess* and *Ruy Blas* misses its aim, partly for the same reason, but chiefly because the weight of the emotions it carries is not properly balanced, or rather is thrown on the wrong side. As the play stands in the English version, *Ruy Blas* should here be chief in the suffering and the struggle. But he is subordinate to the *Princess*, who passes through all the agonies that really belong to the Queen, and consequently overdoes the troubles incident to her new position. The audience feel that *Ruy Blas* is more passive, and the lady more demonstrative, through this scene than the previous circumstances had led them to expect; but they would not be conscious of this inequality of treatment had Mr. Falconer not deposed the Queen. The excisions produce confusion, and diminish the animation of the play. The challenge and the duel were portions of the life of the piece, and ought to have been preserved. The suppression of *Don Cesar* after the first act produces a structural deformity, and mars the dramatic developement of the story; and the omission in the last act of the Queen's message, which leads directly up to the catastrophe by the most natural means, and by an agency that awakens profound expectation, helps not only to throw a shadow of obscurity over the closing scene, but to lower the grandeur of the catastrophe.

Notwithstanding these faults in the adaptation, the success of the representation was decisive. We have not witnessed for many years so genuine a stage triumph. Much is due to the management for the gorgeous scenery, in which the glories of the Escurial are brought out with consummate truthfulness; much, also, to the accuracy and splendour of the costumes; but still more to the pains which were bestowed upon the cast and the rehearsals. The piece is finely played throughout, down to the smallest part. M. Fechter's *Ruy Blas* is a masterpiece of careful study. In his first scene, the sense of degradation, brightening into dreams of impossible happiness under the influence of a hopeless passion, was conveyed with intense emotion, without the slightest violence or exaggeration, tempting as its transitions would be to an actor less judicious and refined. Never was a pure devotion more exquisitely depicted than by M. Fechter throughout the whole of this character: never was the tenderness of sacrificial love, its gentleness, sweetness, and poetical spirit more nobly delineated. The passionate energy of the actor was accumulated with tremendous force in the last scene, when *Ruy Blas* vindicates his independence, flings off the slavery which he has borne hitherto with almost inexplicable patience, and wreaks an appalling vengeance on his remorseless task-master. M. Fechter delivers English with remarkable clearness and correctness. A slight French accent is occasionally perceptible, but not a word is lost.

This admirable piece of acting was admirably seconded by the *Don Salluste* of Mr. Walter Lacy, as perfect a presentation of the cold-blooded, self-possessed demon of the scene as the imagination of the spectator, wrought up to the highest pitch by the vivid portraiture of Victor Hugo, can conceive. The rigid muscle, the fixed eye, the calm, hollow voice, the imperturbable, stony face, and the withering sneer, embodied all the salient points of the fiend who plots the ruin of the Queen by a scheme of vengeance, distinguished amongst dramatic schemes for its heartless atrocity. Mr. Lacy never for a moment loses sight of his object. His soul is in it. You see it in the turn of his eye, the curl of his lip, the movements of his hands, and in that pitiless voice which runs to the heart like a bolt of ice. Miss Heath, too, played her difficult part with considerable ability. Her scene in the second act is marked throughout by earnest emotion, and in the last act, when her agony is mute, she showed a complete control of the situation. We may suggest to her that when *Ruy Blas* is appealing to her, in the description of the machinations of *Don Salluste*, she should look at him, not fully perhaps, but with cowering and fear. It is essential to the purpose of that portion of her difficult scene. The *Don Cesar* of Mr. Harris is very pleasant and characteristic, but wants a little more depth of colouring. We do not object to the airiness, but it ought to be shaded off by the darker qualities of the vagrant Spaniard.

Upon the whole, the manager of the *Princess*'s has inaugurated his season under auspicious circumstances.

MR. ALFRED WIGAN AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

THAT one of the most elegant theatres in London, seated in the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis, under the shadow of the palace, like its prototype at Versailles, should have failed of late years to secure the amount of success which might be reasonably anticipated from its *prestige* and position, must be ascribed, we presume, to causes inherent to the successive managements, and independent of the house itself. It is difficult to believe in local spells in matters theatrical; especially in a case where we have drawing-room splendour and comfort combined with a complete command of the great neighbourhoods of the far west. St. James's assuredly ought to be the theatre of Belgravia and Tyburnia, with a wide sweep of the suburbs of the parks. The tendency of the playhouse movement, from the revival of the stage under the Restoration to the present day, has been to follow the wealthy classes farther and farther west, as towards the north increasing streams of population have created their own theatres. The Blackfriars of Shakspeare's day was succeeded by the Dorset Gardens house, in Salisbury-square, which in turn gave way to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The continued advance in the same direction may be traced in Dibdin's *Sans Souci*, the Haymarket, and the St. James's; with the *Princess*'s obeying the current in what was once the high-road to Reading, now the high-road to Tyburnia.

If successful results might be safely predicted from a promising locality, we should certainly look for prosperity in the instance of the St. James's. But here, as elsewhere, the issue depends, not on situation, but on the skill that is able to take advantage of it. Of all our actors, Mr. Alfred Wigan appears to us the most likely to hit the vein which others at this house have toiled hopelessly to discover. He has peculiar qualifications for the enterprise. A gentleman on the stage, which is rarer than the gentleman off the stage, highly estimated in private life for those qualities and accomplishments, which carry respect and ensure confidence, and, beyond compare, the most admirable interpreter we have of the drama of domestic life, the comedy of the contemporary age, or, as it may be called in other aspects, the mixed play,

—he has the opportunity of establishing in permanence at the west end the very form and style of production which, above all others, is best adapted to the tastes of the more educated play-goers, and which is always attractive to the multitude. For these reasons, and others which will readily occur to the reader, we expect, if we do not venture to predict, that Mr. Wigan will enjoy a prosperous reign. At all events, we are tolerably sure that if the St. James's does not succeed in his hands, future speculators will hesitate before they cross the dangerous threshold.

He has begun with a company that already enables him to put a small comedy very effectively on the stage, and that will, of course, be strengthened as the season advances. Mr. Dewar from Brighton, and Mr. Ashley from Glasgow, both new to the London stage, are important acquisitions; and the engagement of Mr. Emery insures the support of an energetic and solid actor, who in his day has "played many parts." The piece with which the opening of the theatre, on Monday night, was inaugurated, is called, "Up at the Hills," and is described as a "new and original comedy of Indian life." This description is merely the rose-tint of the play-bill. The novelty and originality of the plot and characters are not so apparent as the dash and nonchalance of the dialogue, from which its source may be at once inferred. The reproductive facility of Mr. Tom Taylor has in no instance, perhaps, been more remarkably illustrated than in this piece, which, professing to embody some of the special characteristics of Anglo-Indian life at a hill-station, really gives us nothing more than a familiar comedy embrolied, which, having been originally French, was subsequently used up as English, and is now transferred in a new costume to India. There is a *Major Stonehurst*, who plunders the young griffs at play, and is otherwise a consummate swindler and dexterous villain; and a *Mrs. Eversleigh*, who has been left in possession of a good fortune by the recent death of her husband, and who is engaged to be married to *Stonehurst* at the end of her twelve months of weeds. *Mrs. Colonel McCann*, a straightforward, clever lady, is the only person who knows the major's true character, and she comes on a visit to the confiding *Mrs. Eversleigh* just at this critical juncture. Of course she resolves to expose *Stonehurst*, and save her friend. Now succeeds a struggle of strategy between her and the major; they are avowed enemies, and the interest arises from the adroit plotting and counterplotting to which each resorts, just as in "Les Pattes de Mouche," down to small items of details. In the course of this contest of skill, *Stonehurst* menaces poor *Mrs. Eversleigh* with the production of a certain packet of letters which she wrote to him before the death of her husband. *Mrs. McCann* resolves to obtain these letters, and she gets them through the agency of an ayah, who steals them from *Stonehurst's* bungalow. She next makes the ayah procure an impression of the key that opens the casket, the ayah fondling *Stonehurst* (to whom she is devotedly attached) while she betrays him. Discovering the casket in the hands of *Mrs. McCann*, *Stonehurst* comes at night with a crowbar, breaks open the cabinet in which it is locked up, and determines to hand over the letters to an old lover of *Mrs. Eversleigh*, to whom that lady has in the meanwhile transferred her affections. But *Mrs. McCann* is not to be so easily foiled. She has anticipated the burglary, and substituted for *Mrs. Eversleigh's* letters, which she has burned, some documents that show the major, as the phrase runs, in his true colours. Thus foiled at all points, *Stonehurst* repents, and as the first step on the path to reform, marries the ayah! The minor characters consist of a couple of young ladies, who have gone out on speculation, a Scotch doctor played with great zest by Mr. Emery, and a pair of officers, who merely help at intervals to prepare the stage, and to fill the pauses with the muscular bustle of multitudinous entrances and exits.

How far this is a picture of life at a hill-station, people who have resided at hill-stations alone are competent judges. But it does not look very much like the kind of social occupations in which officers of the Anglo-Indian services, Imperial or John Company, may be supposed, from their general character, to be usually engaged. To hold a lady's letters *in terrorem* over her head, to swindle brother-officers, and to break into houses, are not amongst the exploits for which the British army is celebrated. But the stage has its privileges, and we must not look too closely into the fitness of such things. The comedy is, in other respects, highly animated, although the structure is incoherent, and hangs loosely together. The dialogue, like all Mr. Taylor's dialogue-writing, is easy, fluent, and natural; and we should have been better disposed to compound for the defects of a piece in which there is not a single character, except the Scotch doctor, entitled to our respect, not even *Mrs. McCann*, who descends to the meanest and unworthiest devices to accomplish her ends, if it had been somewhat nearer to its description of "new and original." It is "Still Waters Run Deep" over again, the cards being shuffled a little, and the trump changed. The interest is identical, and the machinery is worked out in one case as in the other, by an evil and a good genius. *Captain Hawkesley*, the more finished villain of the two, being this time transferred for Mr. Wigan.

The acting and the scenery were excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, upon whom the weight of the piece falls, played with that quiet air of real life which lifts characters above the common level of conventional art; and Miss Herbert is entitled to much praise for the truthfulness with which she rendered a part in some respects of a rather questionable *genus*. The Scotch doctor was so forcible and life-like, that he frequently made us forget how little he had to do with the actual business of the scene.

MURDER.

THE very remarkable trial for murder which has just ended at the Central Criminal Court suggests some interesting reflections. At no period of English history have murder and infanticide prevailed to the extent they unhappily do in our day. Formerly, paroxysms, as it were, of violence and bloodshed alarmed the public; but now the guilt appears to be perennial. Hardly a journal is published which does not relate some new deed of atrocity and horror. How are we to account for this condition of things? Has Mammon-worship acquired such an ascendancy as to degrade the moral standard and corrupt the social system. The notorious exhibitions of commercial frauds in high places, the detection of so wide a range of dishonesty in the pursuit of gain, the general competition for immediate advantages, as well as the promptings of want (unrestrained by more virtuous example in the ranks above) must all tend to a conclusion little flattering to our self-love as a nation.

The writer of these remarks was present at the whole trial of James Mullins.

The prisoner, fifty-eight years of age, is a slight man, very pale, with a quick eye, shaded by large spectacles, and a somewhat evil expression, if that might be discerned from the anxiety natural to any human being under such circumstances. The charge against him was gravely and dispassionately made by Mr. Sergeant Parry, and the witnesses were called to prove its truth, by bringing many points of more or less importance to converge towards the same inevitable conclusion, that he, Mullins, alone, was the murderer of Mary Emsley. On the second day the counsel for the prisoner went over the testimony, commented upon what he considered inconsistencies or contradictions, and insisted at large on the danger of deciding a question of life and death on circumstantial evidence. He also (as it seemed reluctantly, and on Mullins's own responsibility), called witnesses to prove an *alibi*. This was the most distressing portion of the trial. A daughter and two sons of the criminal were put into the witness-box to swear to facts which, if true, would have saved a father's life. It was pitiable to behold their efforts—pausing here, retracting there,—perjuring themselves, poor, wretched creatures, and all in vain. Doubtless it was filial affection; but God forbid that we should ever again see a holy sentiment so desecrated; where every lapse and contradiction was felt by the utterer to be a stab to a parent's heart.

But the most memorable features of the case, and the most worthy to leave a lasting impression upon the public, were set in a clear and striking light by the Lord Chief Baron in summing it up, and commenting upon the evidence. The description brought all the circumstances lucidly before the jury. The miserly and penurious old woman, living alone, clinging to the pelf which provoked her tragical fate; haunted by fear, and so jealous of access, that not more than three or four individuals were admitted within her door, others being answered from the window or the area. Of the persons who had ready entrance, Emm, a shoemaker, occasionally employed by the deceased in collecting her small house-rents, and Mullins, a plasterer, who was engaged in the disposal of a quantity of paper-hanging she had purchased, a bargain, beyond her wants. Both were in communication with her on the Monday afternoon, after which time she was seen no more; and it was shown, almost to demonstration, that near eight o'clock on that night she perished by the hand of the assassin. It was not, however, till the ensuing Friday that the premises were broken into, and the corpse was found with

"Twenty trenched gashes on her head;
The least a death to nature."

The murderer, as if "to make assurance doubly sure and take a bond of fate," had battered the skull above the ear through the very brains, and cut on the brow beside, with a sharper instrument, enough for many deaths. His victim had fallen with rolls of the paper under her arm, and in a pool of blood, as if she had been slaughtered in the act of coming out of the room where the paper was deposited, to descend the stairs for its inspection or sale. Suspicion fell upon Emm, but after a searching investigation he was liberated from custody, as nothing could be found against him. There was still a cry for discovery, and a reward of £300 was offered to attain the ends of justice. Mullins lodged an information against Emm with the police, and guided the officers* to a ruined building near his abode, in which he stated he had seen him hide a small parcel, whilst watching him on suspicion that he was the guilty man. Every reader of the public journals is acquainted with the particulars. The horrid suspicion shifted from the trembling accused upon the plotting informer. He was apprehended, brought to trial, and convicted. The finger of an over-ruling Power gradually pointed to every step, and never had the denunciations of inspired writing or secular wisdom a more wonderful fulfilment—

"He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it."
"Ne lex est justior ulla."
"Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

It was proved that Emm could have no object in depositing this parcel where it was found, and every minute of his time during the evening of the murder was most satisfactorily accounted for; as well as during the morning on which Mullins asserted he had seen him carry a large bundle from the ruin to his house, and go back with the smaller packet. In it were four German metal spoons, a cheque for ten pounds payable to Mrs. Emsley, and a couple of magnifying glasses; all articles without value, but singularly adapted to bring home the perpetration of the murder to the hand of the depositor. Setting aside the feverish restlessness of guilt, which seems rarely to forsake the murderer, and always to goad him on to some error that betrays him, Mullins had forcible inducements to fix the crime upon another, and by his sacrifice remove danger from himself, and at the same time, with the accursed blood-money, gratify the avarice which was disappointed of expected plunder when the hideous deed was committed.

The direct evidence fatal to the prisoner was a teaspoon discovered at his residence, the counterpart or fellow-pattern to one wrapped in the parcel, the cheque given on the day of her death to Mrs. Emsley, the glasses, the property of the murdered woman. There were several other remarkable matters which, in common parlance, are spoken of as circumstantial evidence, and upon which the dicta of the learned judge threw (as we have mentioned) that strong light which, in all similar cases, ought to be held in solemn remembrance. Real circumstantial evidence, on which alone the life of a fellow-creature can be lawfully forfeited, is that which admits of no doubt or possible misconstruction. Thus his Lordship exemplified it: if you saw a person coming out of a room it was clear that he must have been in it, though you had not seen him there; the circumstance could not be otherwise. But if you saw him in a passage, however close by, it was no proof whatever of his having been in the room, or that he had committed any action there. No group or set of circumstances, however much they might create suspicion, could justify a conviction of crime. They could not amount to legal evidence. So in the present instance, the parcel was tied with first a string, waxed with shoemakers' wax, and next with a bit of ragged tape. In the prisoner's room were found a piece of cobbler's wax and a fragment of tape similar to that round the parcel. But such wax was to be seen everywhere about, and of similar tape many thousand yards were used all over London. Unless it could be shown, therefore, that the two tapes had been cut asunder or separated, so as to demonstrate a direct connection, no corresponding similarity of strands or other appearances could warrant an adverse verdict. So it was with a key given to the prisoner by Mrs. Emsley on the Monday afternoon, and found in her bedroom when the murder was discovered. There was no proof as

* They received a stringent rebuke from the judge for not acting upon this information instantaneously, instead of postponing their duty till the next morning. It was every one's duty to lay hold of the clue at once, and not to think of a delay till some other person's turn came for action. Mullins appears to have acutely taken a hint from his lordship's remarks. He perseveres in declaring that Emm committed the murder, and that if Sergeant Tanner had gone in time he would have found other things. He says Inspector Thornton was enjoying himself at a party, and harps upon the story of Emm and Rowland being together, and Rowland seen with the paper under his arm. Also on the old woman seeing the paper in the room move on the Tuesday Morning. To these matters he clings—explaining nothing. He has been placed under the care of a Roman Catholic priest; forbidden to attend the prison chapel; and is much affected by his miserable situation, though he tries to hide it.

to the time when it might have been returned, and consequently it could not prove the prisoner's guilt. The same of a silver pencil-case sold by his wife, and sworn to as being like one belonging to Mrs. Emsley; but many pencils were of one make, and this resemblance fell short of lawful evidence. A boot flung from the prisoner's window, and a bloodstained footprint on the floor where the body lay—a plasterer's hammer, such an instrument as would inflict the wounds—the prisoner being seen near the place about the time, and his being identified by witnesses who met him—all came within the same category; they were incapable of absolutely fixing the crime without the shadow of a doubt, upon him; and though they might usually be called circumstantial evidence, they were, in fact, no such evidence at all; nor could they, according to law, affect the life of the accused.

These distinctions struck us as eminently deserving of general attention, as on no portion of our criminal code does so much misapprehension prevail as on that which is ignorantly discussed as circumstantial evidence, and the sentimental folly of arraigning just judgments on the ground of dubious proof. It is most useful to have the law clearly laid down by the highest authority; for it is well to be rightly informed on the important questions involved in these principles: confessing that, with the better understanding of the subject, the more earnestly will the country be inclined to say *nolamus leges Angliae mutare*.

The wretched criminal asseverated his innocence, and contested some of the minor points against him, but attempted no explanation of the damning facts on which the jury must have rested their verdict.

GROUSE.

As various reports of a conflicting nature have been for some time past in circulation respecting the condition of the Scotch moors, we are induced to submit to the notice of our readers an account which has just reached us from an old sportsman, who has been long resident on one of the largest and best shootings in Aberdeenshire. We much regret that the report should be of so unfavourable a character; but as many who are in possession of moors, and others who are desirous of taking them for the ensuing season, would be glad to know the truth, we feel that we are only performing a duty which we owe equally to them and to the public at large, in laying it before them:—

"October 22nd, 1860.

"The disease has carried off a great many of our grouse already, and still continues very bad; hundreds of dead and dying are to be seen along the barn-sides; and I am sorry to say it is quite as bad with our neighbours as with ourselves: of course we have discontinued shooting. On the last occasion on which we were out we killed eight brace, and out of these there were only five good birds. We saw quantities of birds not worth shooting at. I think the disease has been brought on by the bad state of the heather; it never came into bloom this season, and is now as withered and in as bad condition for birds as I ever saw it since I have been here—this is owing to the length of time it was covered with snow last spring and summer; in fact, from October last to the end of June, the principal portion of our heather was under snow, and my fear is, that it will not recover before it is burnt—in which case our grouse will have no good wholesome food under two years. That the dry sapless heather produces the disease, I am from long experience thoroughly convinced, as I have opened hundreds of these diseased birds, and invariably found their crops full of dry, hard undigested heather; this, in my opinion, produces a disease of the liver which terminates in death.

"There are various theories as to the cause of the grouse disease, but I believe that mine is the correct one. I have been (as you well know) constantly on the moors since the disease first made its appearance, and I have invariably observed the same causes producing the same results. Whenever the heather has been in bad condition, i. e. dry, sapless, and withered, there has invariably been disease; and, on the other hand, whenever it has been fresh and green, grouse have been strong and healthy. The dressing which is used for sheep during the winter months is supposed by some persons to have a prejudicial effect on grouse by tainting the heather; but I have no faith in that doctrine, as we have never had any dressed sheep on our moor; they only remain with us during the summer months, and are removed to the lowlands before the time for anointing them arrives; and as the disease has been as bad on our moors as on any in Scotland, I cannot but consider the sheep blameless, and entirely repudiate the doctrine which inculpates them.

"I shall be happy to answer any questions which may be raised on this interesting subject, as far as my ability and a constant experience of thirty years in all that appertains to the moors will admit of. In the event of any favourable change taking place, I shall have much pleasure in again communicating with you; but I fear our prospects for the ensuing season will not improve with the advance and progress of winter; indeed, if the disease continues—and I do not see how its progress can be arrested, as the cause, if my theory be right, still remains in full force—I fear we shall have but few birds left to breed. A small portion of our birds will, as usual, as the winter advances, migrate to the lower ground, where they will probably get wholesome food, and thrive; but as they will encounter numerous enemies, probably not more than half of them will return to us to breed. The migration of grouse from the high ground to the low ground to any great distance has been doubted by some sportsmen and naturalists; but I can assert this to be a fact from my own knowledge. There are certain favourite spots on which no grouse are bred, which are well supplied with them during the winter months; and to reach these not only a large extent of ground has been traversed, but extensive sea-water locks have been crossed. I have seen these birds arrive in packs, and can therefore speak from my own experience.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

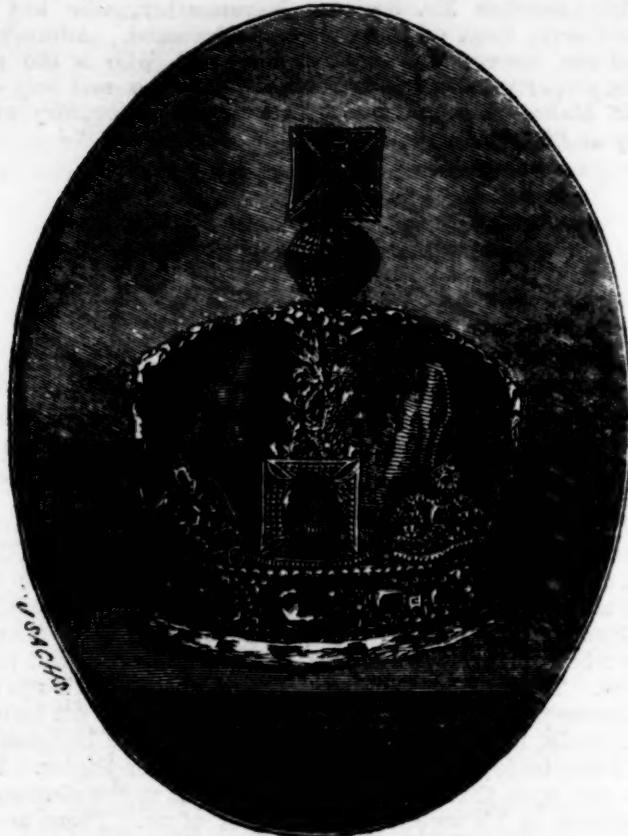
THE crown which is first placed upon the head of the sovereign, amid all the religious ceremonies of the coronation, is never afterwards brought before the public but at the opening and close of each session of Parliament, when the monarch appears in the House of Lords to deliver what is called "the King's" or "Queen's Speech." When it is not required for the use of the sovereign, it is deposited in "the jewel-room" at the Tower, under the special charge of an officer, to whom the care of the crown jewels is confided. The crown cannot be removed from the Tower, but by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, who sends his own messenger for it, the messenger bearing with him to the Tower one of the two keys, without which the case containing the crown jewels cannot be opened. The second key is in the charge of the officer having custody of the crown. When the Lord Chamberlain's messenger receives the crown, it is placed in a case, something like a hat-case, and then borne away from the Tower to the House of Lords, where

it is laid in "the robing-room" of the sovereign, ready for use upon the arrival of the Queen.

As little ceremony is used in removing it back to the Tower, as in taking it away.

It is difficult to declare what is the precise value of the jewels in the Queen's crown; but this is affirmed with respect to it, that unlike most other princely crowns in Europe, whether of kings, emperors, or grand dukes, that all the jewels in the British crown are really precious stones; whereas in other state crowns, valuable stones have been replaced by bits of coloured glass, and the consequence is that their estimated value is far beyond what such crown jewels are really worth. We subjoin a representation of the crown, and full reliance may be placed on the following description of the jewels, for which we are indebted to Professor Tennent, Lecturer on Geology in the King's College:—

THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

"The Imperial State Crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old Crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39oz. 5dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the Crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the Crown by His Majesty King George the Fourth. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds.

"Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds.

"In front of the Crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of

Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses forming the two sides and back of the Crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds.

"Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds.

"From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table-diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliant, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds.

"From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper two hundred and forty-four brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants.

"Summary of jewels comprised in the Crown:—

1 Large ruby, irregularly polished.	1,363 Brilliant diamonds.
1 Large broad-spread sapphire.	1,273 Rose diamonds.
16 Sapphires.	147 Table diamonds.
11 Emeralds.	4 Drop-shaped pearls.
4 Rubies.	273 Pearls.

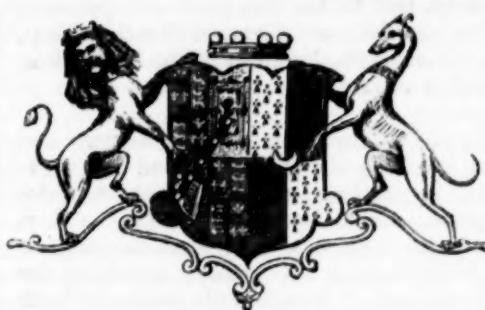
Here is a gorgeous array of jewellery! a recapitulation of precious stones that more than realizes the dream of an Aladdin!

Here's rubies of Bengal, rich, rich, glorious!
These diamonds of Olimus—
Vented at the price of prince's ransoms,
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South Sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet.

The jewels of the British Crown by their richness, purity, and value, are symbolical of the wealth, power, and greatness of the British Monarchy. So regarded, it is impossible not to feel that the most fitting emblem of the mightiness of the Imperial dominion of England is still wanting to the Crown jewels—and that is the *Koh-i-noor*. The most marvellous of all diamonds—the product of the East—became the spoil of England a few years ago. Previous to the incorporation of the East Indies with the British Crown, the *Koh-i-noor* would, however beautiful, have been a mere extraneous ornament. Now, however, it would be the representation of a fact; and as the East-Indians are the direct subjects of the English sovereign, so should their magnificent diamond form "the most precious jewel in her Crown."

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LADY SOUTHAMPTON.



On Tuesday, 23rd October, at Whitlebury Lodge, Northamptonshire, of paralysis, after a lingering illness, the Right Hon. Harriet Baronesse Southampton, only daughter of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy Stanhope (2nd son of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington), by Miss Eliza Falconer. Her ladyship married, February 23, 1826, Charles Fitzroy, third and present Baron Southampton, by whom she leaves no issue.

LADY DOWNES.

On the 18th of October, at her residence in Grafton-street, aged 61, the Right Hon. Christophena, second wife of Ulysses de Burgh, Baron Downes, of Aghanville, in the peerage of Ireland. Her ladyship was the only daughter of the late James Buchanan, of Bath, Esq., and relict of John Fleming, of Stoneham-park, Hants, Esq., after whose decease, at Athens, in July, 1844, she married, August 4th, 1846, the present General Lord Downes, K.C.B., and K.T.S., by whom she leaves no issue. Her eldest son by her first marriage, John Willis Fleming, now of Stoneham, Hants, Esq., married the Lady Catherine Cochrane, daughter of the Earl of Dundonald.

EARL MANVERS.

On Saturday, October 27th, at Thoresby Park, near Ollerton, Notts, in the 83rd year of his age, the Right Hon. Charles Herbert Pierrepont, Earl Manvers,

Viscount Newark, and Baron Pierrepont, in the peerage of, the United Kingdom. This venerable nobleman was the third son of Charles 1st Earl Manvers, by Anne Orton, daughter and co-heir of William Mills, of Richmond, Esq., and was born August 11th, 1778.

He entered the Royal Navy; but on the death of his eldest brother, Evelyn Henry, without issue (his second brother, William Evelyn, born 1777, having died previously, at the age of 10), he quitted the service by desire of his father, and from 1801 to 1816 represented the county of Nottingham in Parliament. In the latter year, on the decease of his father, June 17th, he succeeded to the earldom, having married, August 23rd, 1804, Mary Letitia, eldest daughter of Anthony Hardolph Eyre, of Grove Park, Notts, Esq., and whose death we recorded only a few weeks ago. The loss of her ladyship on the 7th of September last, after a happy union of fifty-six years, affected seriously the earl's health, and he gradually declined from that day. He

PIERREPONT

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is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only surviving son, Sydney William Herbert (misprinted Robert in our notice of September 15th), Viscount Newark, M.P., born 12th March, 1825, and who married June 15th, 1852, Madlle. Georgiana Jane Elizabeth Fanny de Franquetot, daughter of Augustin, Duke de Coigny, by Henrietta Dundas Dalrymple Hamilton, only daughter of the late Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, Bart., and by her has issue, Hon. Charles William Sydney, born August 2nd, 1854 (now by courtesy Viscount Newark); the Hon. Evelyn Henry, born August 23rd, 1856; and a daughter Lady Emily Anna Charlotte, born in 1858.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

James Carrick-Moore, Esq., of Corswall, Wigtonshire, N.B., and of 11, Grafton-street, and 9, Clarges-street, Piccadilly, died in London, on the 1st June last, at the age of 98. He made his will in the Scotch form in 1840, and there are five codicils adapted to the English form. The will and codicils were proved in London, on the 24th of October, by his son, John Carrick-Moore, Esq., the sole executor; the personal property in the United Kingdom being sworn under £40,000. The testator, in 1822, succeeded to the estates in Wigtonshire, under the will of Robert Carrick, Esq., whose name he thereupon assumed, and which property now descends to his eldest son and heir, John Carrick-Moore; to whom he has bequeathed all the farming stock, carriages, horses, and implements of husbandry, he paying over to the testator's estate a sum of £2,000, which is to form part of the residue. His youngest son, Graham Francis, having succeeded to the estates and property of Mrs. Mitchell, of Wiltshire, the testator considered him amply provided for, and has merely given him a token of regard. To the testator's three daughters is left the whole of the residue, equally amongst them. There are several legacies given to friends, and the testator has kindly remembered all his servants; to his butler he leaves an annuity of £40. This venerable gentleman was the brother of the celebrated General Sir John Moore, K.B., who fell at Corunna, after so ably conducting the retreat of the British army, in the year 1809, and whose life and character will elicit the respect and admiration of posterity. The gold watch of the lamented General, which was in the possession of the testator, he has bequeathed to his son and heir, who, no doubt, will always consider it as a valuable heirloom in his family. The testator was also brother to Admiral Sir Graham Moore, G.C.B.

Nicholas Westby, Esq., late of 9, York Gate, Regent's-park, who died on the 24th of August last, at the age of 73, had made his will in 1852, to which he added two codicils, dated 1855 and 1857, and appointed executors for England and Ireland; the executors for England being the Right Hon. Granville Augustus William Waldegrave, Baron Radstock, the brother-in-law of the testator; Thomas William Proctor Beauchamp, Esq., of Devonshire-place, Portland-place; the Reverend Frederick Braithwaite, the son-in-law; and Caroline Mary Westby, the daughter. The personalty in this country was sworn under £40,000. The executors appointed to act in Ireland are Edward Percival Westby, Esq., the son, and Marcus Keane, Esq., of Beech-park, Clare, the son-in-law. Probate was granted by the London court, on the 25th of October. He bequeathed to his wife, the Hon. Emily Susan Laura Waldegrave Westby, who was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Radstock, a life-interest in his funded property, and other bequests; and after her decease the property in England, with some few exceptions, is to be divided amongst three of his daughters, and his property in Ireland to be divided equally amongst his four daughters, his daughter Louisa Isabella Keane, wife of Marcus Keane, Esq., taking a share in the Irish estates. There are some specific bequests to his family, and to his executors and personal friends, and legacies to his servants. His son, Edward Percival Westby, Esq., who succeeds to the landed estates, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Marmaduke Robert Langdale, Esq., of Garston, Bletchingley, Surrey, and of Gower-street, Bedford-square, died on the 26th of September, and had made his will on the 8th of March preceding, appointing as his executors, John Robert Jourdan, Esq., of Torrington-square, Alfred Langdale, Esq., the Rev. George Augustus Langdale (two sons of the testator), and Francis Stephen Clayton, Esq., of London, who duly proved the same in the London court, on the 25th of October. This gentleman died possessed of considerable property, both real and personal; the personalty being sworn under £120,000. He has bequeathed to his wife a life-interest in funded property to the amount of £35,000, a legacy of £200 immediate, all the furniture, plate, jewellery, pictures, &c., not otherwise disposed of; and on her decease the above principal sum will be divided into certain proportions amongst his three sons, and to each of whom he has devised separate portions of his estates in the counties of Kent, Suffolk, and Essex. To the widow and children of his deceased son, Marmaduke Robert, he has left a legacy of £15,000, and there are bequests to his executors and others, and also to his servants. He seems to have possessed a vast store of curiosities. We noticed an inlaid cabinet of cameos and antiquities, which he has left to his widow; medals of the kings of England, which he leaves to his son Alfred; a large cameo of the Sacrifice to Augustus Caesar; a case of coins of the twelve Caesars, in gold, and a cabinet of minerals and shells. All these he leaves to his son George. There are also two horizontal cabinets of works of art, which he bequeaths to his son William. The residue of his estates, real and personal, he leaves to his three sons, in equal shares.

George Draper, Esq., late of 7, Park Village West, and formerly of Cambridge-place, both of Regent's-park, who died at his residence on the 11th of September last, had made his will on the 29th of September, 1858, appointing William Sands Wright Vanx, Esq., and Andrew Duncan, Esq., executors and trustees, who duly proved the same in London on the 15th of October, the deceased's personal property being sworn under £9,000. Mr. Draper had also considerable possessions in New Zealand, and was possessed of other real estates. The whole of this property he has bequeathed in trust, and that the same may be sold, the proceeds to be invested in good and sufficient securities, the profits and income emanating from which are to devolve to his widow for life. He also left her an immediate legacy of £500, together with the furniture and all other miscellaneous effects absolutely; and at the decease of his relict, the property so invested is directed by the testator to be distributed in certain proportions amongst his seven children, consisting of four sons and three daughters.

William Lloyd Gibbs, Esq., late of Belmont, in the city of Bristol, died on the 27th of August last, and had executed his will on the 3rd of November, 1857, and therein appointed as his executors, the Rev. Frederick Earle Freeman, and Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., the testator's brother. Probate was granted by the London court, on the 26th of October; the personal property being sworn under

£14,000. After making a few bequests to personal friends, and to his executors, and legacies to the following charitable institutions, namely, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Employment of Additional curates in Populous Places, and the Church Penitentiary Association, to each he has left the sum of £100; and a sum of £300 towards the building and endowment of a church at Victoria, in Australia,—he leaves the residue of his property to his brothers, Charles Gibbs, and John Lomar Gibbs, and his sister, Mary Dorothea, wife of G. E. Adams, Esq., barrister-at-law, in equal proportions.

Major-General the Hon. Henry Frederick Lockyer, C.B., K.H., late Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ceylon, and acting Lieutenant-Governor of that island, was formerly residing at Brompton, Kent, but died at sea, on his passage homewards from Alexandria, which event occurred on the 30th of August last, at the age of 64. He made his will in the year 1828, in which he signs as Captain 3rd Fusilier Buffs, and has not since altered it. He therein appointed as his executors Mr. Serjeant Mereweather, who has declined to act, and Robert Curry, Esq., of Gosport, since deceased. Administration with the will annexed was thereupon granted to his relict, who is the sole legatee, the whole of the property being left to her, his daughter and only child having died last year at Malta. The personalty sworn to in this country was estimated for probate duty at £5,000.

Reviews of Books.

JINGLE.

If the shoals of poetasters, who at this season of the year begin to spawn verse with alarming fecundity, cannot be compelled to write sense, they ought to be restrained by some special enactment from sending out prose in the disguise of rhyme. The High Court of Criticism should be invested with a summary jurisdiction over literary impostures, and empowered to brand all spurious articles with some known and accredited stamp, as the assayers of old were authorized to brand false weights and measures. Where is the difference? The grocer who passes you off chicory for coffee, or the vintner who fills your head with the fumes of logwood, when you innocently believe you are surrendering your judgment at the shrine of old port, is not a whit more fraudulent than the ingenious gentleman who endeavours to deceive you into the notion that he is serving you up a book of poetry, when, in fact, it is only very bad verse, or mere prose all the time. The only conceivable apology for such an attempt at deception, is that the gentleman may be deceiving himself also. He may not know any better. Hard as it is to credit, he may possibly think that his prose becomes transformed into poetry by being broken into lengths and tagged with jingles. He may have a theory of his own upon that subject, and, suspicious as the circumstances look, he may be as honest in his vocation as the best of us. There are men going about town who imagine themselves teapots; but they are not teapots for all that, and the interests of society are concerned in the declaration of the fact.

Now here is a pretty little volume, with a name on the title-page known to us in connection with some passages of true poetry which we have not forgotten, and which had a promise in them of excellence not yet fulfilled. The ripeness and richness of Mr. Coventry Patmore's early poems suggested an expectation that he might in time become matured into a thoughtful singer, with a touch of the energy and quick sensibility that help to form real poets. There were great faults in the very grain of his first works: waste and confusion of imagery, sensuous colouring, a tendency to rash into strange passionate excesses, vague yearnings after something unattainable, and morbid sorrow for something that, probably, never was lost. But the longing for May moons, the imaginary heart-griefs, and the thousand and one conflicts with supposititious brain fevers were the mere dreams of the youthful muse; and when she should have awakened to a broad daylight consciousness of the world as it is, we anticipated oracles worth the hearing. Whether she was wide awake when she inspired this little book we will not venture to inquire; but certain it is, that, instead of growing more grave and mellow, solid and full of matter, with a grand sweep of music to give the proper divine expression to her utterance, she appears to have degenerated into a common slattern, to have lost all her fine, wrong enthusiasm, and to work couplets with just as much indifference to their structure or fitness as school-girls to the morals of their samplers.

The volume contains one piece—a story. The whole plot, as plot, may be put into two lines. Graham falls in love with Honoria; Honoria marries Vaughan; Graham then marries Jane, and has a son and heir. Nothing more. It is not much to tell, and might pass if it were told through an appropriate vehicle. But this is just the question at issue between us and that delusive young muse of Mr. Patmore. The experiment of building up novels in the shape of letters from different persons moving through the action, although it was attempted by accomplished and skilful writers, is confessed on all hands to have failed. Yet, if the epistolary form could be employed anywhere with any hope of success, it must have been in the novel, which professes to be a reflection of actual life in its most familiar usages, letter-writing being prominent amongst them. But if it sat awkwardly, and even unnaturally, on the novel, what is to be said of its introduction as the medium of a metrical tale of modern society? Think of Graham writing a full account of his love for Honoria, and his disappointment, in octosyllabic letters to his mother, and his mother answering thereto in a similar strain. The nature of the confession makes it occasionally rather an odd confidence, considering the quarter to which it is addressed, as when, for example, he hears of Honoria's marriage, and tells his mother what a "Voice" has recommended him to do by way of consolation:—

"There's nothing heals one woman's loss,
And lightens life's eternal cross,
With intermission of sound rest,
Like lying in another's breast."

There is a little superfluity in the quatrain. The meaning would be simplified by the omission of the second and third lines, which merely dazzle the eyes of the reader, without conveying the faintest scintillation of an idea to his mind. This is not an uncommon case with Mr. Patmore's muse. She seldom comes to the point without a great show of words.

We have less concern at present, however, with her verbal luxuriance than with the shape into which she has fashioned it. Here is a specimen of what is presented to us in this volume as poetry. Mrs. Graham is writing to her son, who is about to enter the navy:—

"For your sake I am glad to hear
You sail so soon. I send you, Dear,

* Faithful for Ever. By Coventry Patmore. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

A trifling present; 'twill supply
Your Salisbury costs. You have to buy
Almost an outfit for this cruise!
But many are good enough to use
Again, among the things you send
To give away. My maid shall mend
And let you have them back."

Before he goes to sea, Graham calls on Honoria, and communicates the circumstance in the following fashion to his mother:—

"I reached the Dean's. The woman said,
'Miss Churchill's out.' 'Had she been dead,'
I cried, 'twere much the same to me,
Who go, this very night, to sea.'
'Nay, sir, she's only gone to prayer;
But here she comes, across the square!'"

Are we reading the bounding, elastic, thrilling verse of a muse of fire, or a fragment transplanted from one of the Strand burlesques? Graham has a son born unto him. Here is the rapturous announcement:—

"Mother, on my returning home
Last night, I went to my wife's room,
Who, whispering me that all alarms
Were over, put into my arms
Your grandson. And I give you joy
Of what, I'm told, is a fine boy."

The maternal parent of this interesting baby opens an epistle to her mother-in-law with a few lines, which are too exquisite to be left in obscurity:—

"Dear Mother,—such, if you'll allow,
In love, not law, I'll call you now—
I hope you're well. I write to say
Frederick has got, beside his pay,
A good appointment in the docks;
Also to thank you for the frocks
And shoes for baby. I, D.V.,
Shall wean him soon."

Some verse runs, some marches with stately pace, some goes upon stilts—but this crawls. It is not verse at all—it is not prose. It is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Does Mr. Patmore hold that there is no principle of selection in poetry? Does he consider all subjects equally susceptible of poetical treatment, and all diction from the bald slipshod chat of the monthly nurse up to the speech of Homer's heroes, equally available for the uses of poetry? He has fallen into a mistake, which is spreading in other quarters, and must be checked before it becomes an epidemic. Moaning and wailing about man and the earth, and the poet and the grave, through long dreary lines, such as we find under the signature of Owen Meredith in the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is one of the forms this sickness of the poetasters is taking. What healthy sentiment or intelligible thought can be collected out of this wind-bag of Owen Meredith? —

"Take the world into my hand, and shape it, and make it anew;
Gather all men to my purpose, men in the darkness and dearth,
Mould them afresh, and make out of them Man, with his spirit sublime,
Man, the great heir of eternity, dragging the conquests of Time!"

This is a form of the abuse of poetry very likely to correct itself. Nobody can understand it, which will lead some people, doubtless, to think it very magnificent; but solemn bathos has no ultimate effect upon the popular taste; while verse out at elbows, and down at heels, such as we are favoured with by Mr. Patmore, is calculated to make all books of verse odious in the sight of the public.

Nor is it possible to debase verse to such uses in parts of a poem without a total sacrifice of its dignity and power everywhere else. Even when Mr. Patmore designs to be emotional, and to soar to his greatest heights, he drops unconsciously into the poorest commonplaces. The work all throughout betrays weakness and carelessness. The rhymes, meanest of all the evidences of the poet's skill, yield us a crop of slovenly tags:—

"This graceful house,
So full of light from ladies brows."
"For seeking their own benefit,
Dear, what a mess they make of it."
"Each is, and is aware of it,
The other's endless benefit."
"They're nothing in the world to do,
But as it's just their nature to."
"I'll go on,
However, about Mrs. Vaughan."
"Which, though it undid all I'd done,
Was, both to me and Mrs. Vaughan,
So kind."
"Tis all tapestries
Of Cupids, gods, and goddesses."
"I am so proud of Frederick,
He's so high-bred and lordly-like."

Of the free-and-easy conversational way of describing things, from figures and faces up to characters and passions, which forms the staple of the letters, a characteristic example is furnished by an account of twins, who are described as being—

"so made on the same plan,
That one wore blue, the other white,
To mark them to their father's sight."

This description has at least the advantage of yielding a pleasing variation in another part of the story, without the least disturbance to its music or its meaning, as thus:—

"The one wore white, the other blue,
To mark them to their father's view."

THE "WHITE BOOK" OF ANCIENT LONDON.*

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE more closely we investigate the old City charters, and the regulations laid down in successive ordinances, the more we are impressed with the popular spirit of our municipal institutions. The prohibitory and protective provisions, numerous, minute, and stringent, are all conceived in the interests of the people. Even the exemptions made in favour of substantial tradesmen, and of noblemen, and others of high repute, are on the side of order and the better maintenance of credit and security. The City was guarded with jealousy against all encroachments from without upon its rights and liberties. Freemen alone were privileged to carry on business within the walls upon equal terms. It must be granted that the laws were not models of free-trade legislation. Our ancestors were deplorably ignorant of the elementary principles by which the greatest amount of prosperity is to be secured to the greatest number, and had no more notion of

* *Liber Albus.* The White Book of the City of London. Compiled, A.D. 1419, by John Carpenter, Common Clerk. Richard Whittington, Mayor. Translated from the original Latin and Anglo-Norman by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A., Clare Hall, Cambridge; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Griffin & Co.

going to the cheapest market than Mr. Ruskin. We should remember, however, how little the world knew at that time—say five hundred years ago, which is about the mid-term of the period we are speaking of—in comparison with what it knows now; and how many discoveries and inventions have enlarged the means of mundane enjoyment, and made men of the lowest capacity a hundred fold wiser and more practical than their forefathers of the Plantagenet, or even of the Tudor ages. Making reasonable allowances for the state of scientific knowledge on questions of supply and demand, the encouragement of industry, and the conservation of property, high praise is due to the civic authorities for the infinite pains they took to keep out interlopers, and to ensure to their own privileged people a complete monopoly of the crafts, arts, and productive powers that contribute to the sustentation of life, and to encourage the accumulation, contradistinguished from the diffusion, of wealth. Foreigners were not allowed to sell goods of any kind by retail, nor to keep hostels, nor to act as brokers within the city or its suburbs; and freemen were not only prohibited from entering into partnership with them, but were deprived of their freedom if they sold the goods of foreigners under cover of their own names. Nor were these regulations confined to foreigners. All strangers, that is to say, all persons beyond the jurisdiction, or who, living in the city, had not taken out their freedom, were subject to similar disabilities. Bread baked out of the city was seized by judgment beforehand as spurious, or, more properly, adulterated; nor was bread allowed to be brought in from the transpontine neighbourhood of Southwark, on the pretence that the Southwark bakers were not amenable to the City jurisdiction, but in reality to prevent them from entering into competition with the bakers of London.

Nothing can more emphatically mark the monopoly that hemmed in the City than the duties that were levied at its gates upon the necessities of life, on their transit from the country to the town. The City, in fact, had its *octroi*, just as Brussels had, until legislative sagacity, the slow growth of centuries, saw fit to abolish it a few months ago. A certain duty, or customs, was payable upon all articles of consumption entering the City, except in the cases of freemen, who were entitled to bring everything in duty free. Some of the items of the tariff are curious enough. A horse-load of poultry paid three farthings; but if the vendor let it touch the ground, he was required to pay three farthings more for stallage. The authorities were so desirous of hastening forward all articles to the markets where they were to be sold, apparently to prevent the littering of the streets, that the additional duty was inflexibly levied in all such cases; even a freeman, who carried a load, duty-free, on his back, was compelled to pay one halfpenny if he placed it on the ground to rest. Sometimes the customs duty was levied according to the value, and sometimes it was assessed in money, and sometimes in kind. Cheese or poultry, of the value of 4*1/2*d., paid 1*d.*; carts loaded with corn, or alder wood, or oak timber, paid 1*d.*; charcoal 1*d.*; a load of oak planks was mulcted in one plank, and beech planks in one plank and a half; from one hundred eggs five were taken; a cart-load of nuts or cheese paid 2*d.*, unless it came by way of the Fleet or Holborn, through which avenues it paid 2*d.* All articles coming by way of Holborn, Aldgate, or the Fleet, paid extra, except bark, which, charged 1*d.* by the other routes, passed free through Holborn and the Fleet.

The bridge—the one bridge of Plantagenet London—the only access to the City by horse or foot from the south, was heavily barred up with penalties of a like nature. Vessels carrying fish were obliged to pay in kind, or in dues upon bulk, or on the bottom itself. Even row-boats paid dues; horses and carts crossing the bridge paid dues; and express provisions were made for levying duties from foreigners. The bailiff of the bridge had a share in these exactions, besides others which he assessed in virtue of his office, generally in kind, but sometimes in money, and occasionally in both. Thus, if a vessel brought salmon and haddock, the bailiff took one salmon and thirteen haddock, besides twopence for the vessel. A porpoise paid him one penny; but if it were cut up ready for sale, he was entitled to the chawdron, the tail, and three fins.

Notwithstanding the difficulties that lay in the way of the fishmongers, not only in the transport of fish through the hands of the City officers, but in selling it when they got it, London probably never was better supplied than in the fourteenth century, if we may judge from the variety that were brought to market. The regular imports included rays, white and red herrings, sea-bass (a salt-water perch), conger, dory, melwels (described by Mr. Riley as sea-ling, but which we believe to have been a species of cod-fish), turbot, shad, eels, surmullet (red mullet), mackerel, sturgeon, lampreys, merling (whiting), haddock, salmon, dabs, oysters, mussels, whelk (a shell-fish), and porpoise. Strict regulations were made for protecting the public against imposition. Fishmongers were not allowed to have more than one kind of fish in one basket; and a vendor who should dare, to use the energetic language of the old ordinance, to "dub" his basket—that is, put "desirable fish" at the top, and "undesirable fish" at the bottom—was to forfeit his fish, to be imprisoned, to be thenceforth regarded as a cheat, and, furthermore, to be cried at London Bridge and Old Fish-street.

Not only was cheating severely punished in all trades, but the hands of the trader were tied, by way of keeping him out of mischief. His work was carefully prescribed, and limits were laid down, beyond which he was not permitted to move. The Excise laws of Walpole hardly exceeded the old City regulations in their arbitrary and inquisitorial character. Take the bakers as an illustration. The aim of the obligations imposed upon them was, no doubt, to protect the public against rogery; but it is obvious, at the same time, that the pressure of these obligations placed the respectable and industrious tradesman under great disadvantages, and deprived the public of any benefits that might otherwise accrue from his skill and enterprise. A baker who made white bread was not allowed to make brown, nor the brown baker to bake white. Every baker had his own seal, with which he stamped his bread, to enable the officers to identify it in case of complaint. The traffic of the bakers with the regattresses (women who retailed bread from house to house) was prescribed as to the mode and amount of allowance to be made to the retailer; and bakers were forbidden, under a penalty, to give credit to any regattress whom he knew to be in debt to another person. Bakers were not allowed to sell bread at their own houses, or "before their ovens," but only in the public markets, where they exhibited it in baskets, so that if it were found deficient, "the body of the baker might be amenable to justice." The loaves were restricted to two sizes; the larger being two, and the smaller four for one penny. The halfpenny loaves were made of the finest flour, and were called *demesne* bread—*panis Dominicus*—from an image of the Saviour which was stamped upon it. The farthing loaves were of two kinds; puff, or French bread, and wastel bread, which was bread of the second quality. No loaf was allowed to be baked of bran; or to be coated with bran "so as to be found worse when broken than it is on the outside." A crude confusion of principles, between what is really beneficial to the public in one sense, and detrimental to them in another, through the fetters cast upon trade, is very apparent in these regulations. To compel a baker to sell his bread only in certain public markets for the convenience of justice, might be a desirable thing if it did not altogether ignore the greater convenience which society at large would have derived from allowing him to extend the sale of his bread to every street and lane where

buyers were to be found. The interference with the credit system, upon which the maker and the retailer conducted their affairs, and the limitation of the baker to a single branch of his business, are striking evidences of the false views that prevailed as to the duty of Government in relation to commerce. We trace similar notions in operation everywhere, mixed up invariably with regulations that were intended to display a vigilant regard for the interests of the community. Corn dealers, for example, were compelled to bring their loads, by cart or horse, to the place appointed for sale, and were not allowed to sell anywhere else, or before the hour of Prime—that is, between six and seven o'clock in the morning—should be rung at St. Paul's. A still more singular obligation was put upon vessels bringing corn for sale to the markets on the river. They were compelled, under heavy penalties, to remain one whole day on retail sale, without selling anything in gross, so that the common people might buy what they wanted for their sustenance.

In an age when such artificial means were adopted for effecting results which would have been much better attained by throwing open the markets to all comers and goers, we must not be surprised to find a variety of expedients resorted to in other directions, for promoting ends which ought to have been left to work themselves out in their own way. The costume of particular classes was fixed under severe penalties; courtesans and their abettors were banished from the City, under pain of imprisonment, a measure that converted Southwark into a hotbed of depravity, without entirely relieving London; schools for fencing and buckler play were prohibited within the walls; and, to ensure a high character for the corporation, the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and their retainers, were prohibited from pursuing the occupation of a brewer, or a baker, or from keeping a tavern, or following any trade, "to which," says the genteel ordinance, "a low estimate is attached."

The regulations for the maintenance of peace, the observance of cleanliness in the streets, and the preservation of dwellings against fire, show that the functions of police were carefully and even rigorously discharged. Any person discovered wandering about the streets after curfew, except a great lord or a man of known repute, was locked up for the night, and brought for judgment before the mayor and aldermen the next morning. Taverns were obliged to be closed at curfew, nor was any person suffered to sit up in the hostel afterwards. Imprisonments and heavy fines awaited the violation of these regulations. Boatmen were forbidden to ply after sunset, a regulation cutting off all night intercourse with the stews of Southwark. No person whatever was allowed to go armed in the City or the suburbs; and the keepers of hostels were required to warn their guests to leave their arms in the house when they went out of doors, and failing to do so, the host himself was amenable to punishment. Whoever drew a knife, or a sword, even without striking, had to pay half a mark to the City, or, in default, to be imprisoned for fifteen days in Newgate. Any man who struck another with his fist, without drawing blood, was fined three shillings, or imprisoned eight days; but if he drew blood, he had to pay forty pence, or be imprisoned twelve days. Nor were these offenders let out of prison till they found good surety for their good behaviour, the persons they struck having still a remedy against them by process of law.

Rakers, or scavengers as they came to be called afterwards, were employed by the wards to look after the cleanliness of the streets. It was forbidden to fling straw, dust, or any kind of refuse into the streets or lanes; and there was a special enactment imposing a high penalty on the sellers of fish who threw out water. The streets leading down to the river, constituting the most populous parts of the City, were always kept clear, so that horsemen might ride down to the Thames without hindrance. Swine were not permitted to be in the streets; and the regulations about them were so severe, that any passer-by was authorized to kill them.

Great precautions were taken against fires, of the terrible ravages of which the citizens had had much experience, from the first year of the reign of King Stephen downwards. The old houses, being built of wood, offered an easy prey to the flames, which, once bursting out, generally swept away a whole quarter in a few hours. In the ordinance known as Fitz-Elwyne's Assize of Buildings, of the time of Edward I., the building of houses with stone was strongly encouraged; but the same ordinance, with the usual inconsistency of such enactments, gave a legal sanction to that crowding up of tenements, of which we may still observe examples in some of the very ancient parts of the City, and which considerably increased the liability to fire, and rendered such calamities not only more frequent but more disastrous in their consequences. The regulations to which we refer is one that authorized any person to build upon his own ground, to the obstruction of the view from his neighbour's windows, no matter for what length of time the space had been free and clear. The right thus recognized, or conferred, led to the erection of dwelling-houses and warehouses in many spots that had been previously respected, until at last there was hardly an open speck left for ventilation, especially in those busy parts of the City where ventilation was most required. The provisions against fires were rather of a preventive than a remedial character; and although, probably, the best that could have been devised at the time, were very inadequate to the danger they were designed to avert. Furnaces, grates, or hearths were not permitted to be erected near partitions, laths, or boards; and the scavengers were not only authorized to remove or destroy them, but were entitled to claim a reward for doing so. Bakers were not permitted to light their fires with fern, stubble, straw, or reeds. Chimneys were directed to be built of stone, tile, or plaster; wherever they were built of timber they were liable, in like manner, to be pulled down. The owners of large houses were required to keep ladders on their premises, and also barrels of water before their doors, to help their neighbours in cases of fire. That these primitive precautions were of little avail against the "devouring element" is fearfully attested by the history of the three or four subsequent centuries.

BLACKIE'S GENERAL ATLAS.*

No department of human knowledge has advanced more rapidly within the last half century than geography. From being a mere chaos of names and facts, it has rapidly assumed the form of a true science, in which the phenomena treated of are arranged in the order of cause and effect; that is to say, in such a way as to spring out of and explain each other. New facts have, at the same time, been added in vast profusion to our old stores of geographical knowledge. It might, therefore, be expected that corresponding changes should take place in our modes of representing countries on maps, and this indeed is, to some extent, the case. Thanks to the persevering labours of travellers and naturalists, we are now able to map out, in a rough way at least, the distribution of the rocks in almost every country; and the geological maps so formed, although they have been too often constructed exclusively for the purposes of abstract science, even as they now stand, explain phenomena of the highest importance in political and historical

* The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography. Edited by W. G. Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S. Blackie & Son, Warwick-square, City.

geography. In France, for instance, the lines traced on them show at a glance what in all ages has distinguished Burgundy from Champagne, Champagne from the great plain of Neustria, and Neustria from Brittany. So it is with Spain and Portugal. The distribution of the rocks has established an eternal barrier between the upper and lower basins of the Tagus and the Douro, reflected in the two nationalities which still divide the Spanish peninsula. Again, physical geographers have shown the vast influence of elevation on climate and vegetation, and they have constructed maps in which the relief of a country, that is to say, the comparative elevation of its hills and table-lands is represented with the greatest accuracy. These maps are of infinite value. How many facts are elucidated in the history of Spain when we know that the centre of the peninsula is covered with lofty and consequently cold and treeless and thinly-peopled plains, and that along its seaboard there runs a narrow fringe of well-watered, well-cultivated, and densely-peopled lowlands. These facts account for the distribution of Spanish dialects. They show us why a revolution breaking out at Cadiz should run eastward to Valencia and Barcelona, westward to Lisbon and Oporto, and all round the peninsula, without ever penetrating to Madrid, which stands in the heart of the desert highlands. In Italy the forms of relief have had a still more marked influence on man. Who can understand clearly the great and dominant facts in Italian history, who has not seen on a map intended specially to represent the orography of the peninsula, an accurate representation of the vast mountain mass of the Abruzzi, of the mountain knot which separates the coast of Genoa and Monferrato from the plains of Tuscany, and of the semicircle of hills which, joining these two tracts, has in every age warded off the torrent of barbarian invasion from Rome and Florence? An ordinary map will not explain the permanence of the frontier which has, throughout all history, separated Rome and Naples, but a map which shows the true character of the lofty highlands of the Abruzzi at once does so. The same is the case in France, where the mountains and table-lands are almost as intimately associated with human history as they are in Spain and Italy, for the central part of the country is occupied by the great plain of Neustria expanding over the basins of the Seine and Loire—and rising towards the south into a table-land, which continues the climate and productions of the north almost to the shores of the Mediterranean. The most fertile and populous districts of the country lie around the capital, possess the same soil and climate, and are occupied by a population more homogeneous than any other in Western Europe—a fact the influence of which is apparent in every page of modern history.

But geological and orographical maps do not represent the only lines which, traced upon maps by recent inquirers, indicate in the briefest and most concise manner, facts of importance in geography. There are maps on which the boundaries of superficial deposits of drift and alluvial soil are exhibited, and others which represent climate and vegetation, the density of human population, the ethnology and distribution of dialects, the districts to which popular language has attached a distinctive name, and the natural areas into which physical geographers have divided the surface of the globe, in order the better to subject geographical phenomena to scientific treatment.

It will be readily conceded that all the intricate lines which have been so traced upon maps should not appear in an atlas intended for the use of merchants and general readers; but seeing that the comparative elevation of mountain-chains and table lands is of such manifest importance in Geography, it may be asked why they, at least, should not be represented? The reply is, that the attempt has been frequently made, and has, in all cases, proved a failure, excepting where the work was one intended to produce general impressions upon schoolboys or students. We see the results of endeavouring to represent true relief by contour lines in the works of Berghaus, and by comparative depth of shading in the admirable maps of Liechtenstern and Lange. Geographical information of the utmost value is doubtless conveyed by their mode of exhibiting the orography of a country. A vivid impression of the general distribution of its plains and table-lands, is left upon the mind; but these results are attained by destroying their value as a storehouse of geographical detail. In maps of Spain, Italy, and France, shaded in this way, the Sierra Morena, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and those parts of the Apennines to which we have referred, are hid under tints so black that it is impossible to print over them, or to represent fittingly the more minute ramifications of the mountains themselves. We think, then, that the editor of this atlas has acted wisely in merely indicating conventionally the position of mountains by a faint shading which nowhere obscures the clearness and legibility of his maps, but imparts to them the utmost capacity for the exhibition of topographical detail, that being the very quality which is of the highest importance in a general atlas of large size.

In one respect the compiler of a new atlas may show great judiciousness, and that is in determining the scales on which his maps are to be represented. The French Bureau de la Guerre construct their official maps on a number of fixed scales, which are fractions of each other. In Sharpe's Atlas a similar principle is adopted. But it is very evident that, although calculated to impress upon a student the relative extent of different countries, it would interfere with any attempt to represent them of a size, and with an amount of detail, corresponding to the interest taken in them by the English public. The time was, when an atlas was considered complete if it contained good maps of the countries of Europe and the remaining continents. But it is no longer so. The events of the last half century have invested the most distant regions of the globe with an importance to Englishmen infinitely greater than that belonging to many of the European countries which adjoin our own shores. A brief glance over the sheets of this Atlas shows that the editor has exercised great discrimination in judging of the extent to which such changes should affect the distribution of the maps forming a new atlas.

A map of the Polar regions exhibits on one sheet the coast-lines of North America and Greenland, as ascertained by recent explorations. We can here trace the track of every Arctic expedition, from the time when Wrangel coasted along the Siberian coasts till Kane's party stopped short on the margin of an open Polar sea. In the map of Siberia, which is on a projection well suited to the representation of Northern Asia, the eye is attracted at the first glance by the new line of the Russian frontier, descending to the Usturt, between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, beyond the southern shores of Lake Balkash, and over the whole northern slope of the basin of the Amur. We now see Russia coming into close proximity to our own Indian frontier, and already intruding into Northern China. In the maps of Turkistan, Persia, the Caucasian countries, and Arabia, which form, perhaps, the best-engraved sheets in the volume, we have an admirable representation of these countries, to the geography of which the discoveries of Layard and Rawlinson, and the journeys of Ferrier and Burton have recently directed public attention. The caravan routes across the desert have nowhere been represented with such detail, and nowhere have the countries of the East been so judiciously broken up into areas suited to representation in different maps. In the European series there was little room for innovation, and we think that Dr. Blackie has acted wisely in giving them a less prominent place than they usually hold in a general atlas; for, the fact is, Englishmen are now more deeply interested in America, India, and Australia, than they are in any part of continental Europe.

On this principle it is, doubtless, that the editor has introduced a larger series of American maps than is customary. The most striking feature in the maps of Canada and the United States is, the great network of railways, stretching from the Atlantic to the heart of the continent. The South-American maps exhibit the same symptoms of progress. They show the line of the Panama railway, and the new trade routes it has opened up to Peru, Chili, California, Columbia, and the Australian colonies. In the maps of Africa, the elaborate details gathering round the Lake Tchad and the Lake Ngami, remind us that the most recent discoveries of Barth and Livingstone have been represented in this work in their connection with the general geography of the African continent. The maps of the Cape colony and Natal, bring vividly before the mind the importance of the British settlements, and the extent to which these regions have already been influenced by European civilization. In the maps devoted to India, the same regard is had to recent exploration. The Malay Islands are exhibited with due attention to the public estimate of their importance, since Sir James Brooke directed attention to their mineral wealth and fertility. The Australian maps close the series. Constructed on a very large scale, they enable us to understand recent Australian news and correspondence, and to form just ideas of vast and fertile regions, commonly crushed into a corner of a map of New Holland, but, in fact, extending over as many degrees of latitude as those which lie between London and Timbuctoo, and deeply interesting to us as the field of those colonies towards which the tide of English emigration now sets.

After a careful perusal of the whole work, we can safely say that we know of no Atlas, published at the same low price, which is so copious and accurate in detail, so clearly printed, and so well engraved; that no maps have been hitherto constructed on scales so carefully adapted to the relative importance of countries as viewed from the stand-point of English merchants and general readers; and, in conclusion, that the index attached to the engraved sheets is the most copious and perfect which has yet been compiled, referring, as it does, to every name appearing upon them, or, in other words, to no less than 120,000 places, and thus supplying a desideratum felt by every one accustomed to make frequent use of large maps, either for purposes of business or research.

THE LEBANON.*

ROUSED apparently by the events of the last few months, Mr. Urquhart has at length resumed the pen, whose strokes embodied for Western imaginations the Spirit of the East. In the History and Diary with which he now presents us, we have the results of a residence of some months in Syria during the winter of 1849-50. As a conscientious traveller, seeking instruction, not the boast of thousands of miles galloped over, Mr. Urquhart confined his excursions to Beyrouth and the line of coast on either side, to Tripoli and Tyre, with the mountains behind them. In conformity with his resolve not to be tempted across the Valley of the Orontes, he came in sight of the stupendous ruins of Baalbek without visiting them, and, like the prophet, turned his back upon Damascus, when within a few hours of its gardens of delight. But this circumscription of

his journey in no way detracts from its interest. Each page shows us some new feature of the ancient race whose manners he was studying, or records some landmark of early civilization. At the time of his sojourn among them, the *mesa'a* or census was being made; and in the village assemblies held on this occasion, he had the most favourable opportunity of studying the various tribes Maronites, Druses, and Metualis,—into which the original race is divided by religion, for in descent they are one people. This people he shows to be one of the oldest of the world, anterior to the Hebrews, unsubdued by Greeks or Romans, untouched by the Crusades, and still unconquered by Saracen or Turk.

Referring to the work itself for the history, we shall give a few extracts from the diary which Mr. Urquhart kept during his excursion. Such success in word-painting as this part of the work displays, rare in any language, is especially so in English. Mr. Urquhart had already proved himself a consummate artist in pen-and-ink landscape, and in his present publication he has surpassed his previous efforts, sketching each scene which recall to the traveller the very spots he has revelled in, and must offer to the untravelled a picture as vivid as the bright reality.

It is winter; and he thus sums up the advantages of that season for travelling in a hot climate like that of Syria:—

"Yes; the winter is the time for the Lebanon; and I say so with some right to be heard. I have watched, and found, and compared, and concluded, and can tell over the things you would have, and those you would lose. I shall enumerate some. Here, the earth and the rocks are the chief objects, by the beauty of their tints; in summer, these would be concealed by an impenetrable matting of verdure. In summer, you would have no carpeting of emerald sward on the level spots, and under the tall stalks of the pine, diffusing freshness. In summer, you would have no waterfalls glistening on the hill-sides or murmuring in the valley. In summer, no smoke would ascend from the villages—smoke, waving like a pennon, rising like a column, or spreading like an opal vein. In summer, there would not be the vigour of the limb or the freshness of the spirit; and besides, in summer, we never think of what the effect in winter would be. In winter, we are always drawing the contrast with summer, and causing, in the hothouse of the imagination, plants to bloom, and fruits to ripen. At all events, this is the season, and this is the spot, for the artist who seeks to master the rainbow part of art; this is the placid time for the lover of nature, that is, of solitude."

The following sketch justifies, we think, our praise of the author's pictorial powers:—

"December 21st.—As the morning first penetrated the crevices of the apartment, I opened a small window two feet by three: the day was breaking exactly opposite. In front was a dark level bank, below it the valley grey as it seemed with hoar frost: on the top of the bank were lines of pine, the tall stalks scarcely visible, the dark tufts fretting the dawn. The morning star was amongst them, the heavens pure and cloudless, the air still, the village asleep. The star slowly ascended through the air, growing pale as it rose; the air was becoming like a star, and then the dark bank revealed rich brown, mottled and mixed; at first indistinctly seen, then more clear, beautifying as it changed: the green of the pine and the sward came out on its sides: as you watched, it waned; you wished each tint to stay, yet rejoiced to see it change. It was a bank only, no cliffs, no summits, no groups; a plain field where colour was spread for light to play upon. My eye ranged over no space: confined by the small window back from which I sat, it was a master-piece in a frame, going through the scale of tints of its own accord; soft as that fabled music too exquisite to be heard, and listened to without the ear. Forms then entered on the stage: a small pyramid of rock became visible in the foreground, on which were habitations, describable by their level lines and whitewashed doors. The hoar frost in the valley turned out to be smoke, which, with its vapour web, concealed yet revealed, the ground below; two thrifty furnaces sent it forth; it rose to fall again, as water from the rock; then, as water spreading to its level, it filled the chasm; at first I could not tell whether it was the reflection of its glassy surface, or the transparency of its airy nature, that gave forth the image of other objects than itself. Now, spot by spot became distinct, as if a lens before each were being adjusted to its focus. The brown mantle, as if cast over an under-coating of gold, seemed to glow with inward light. The stalk of the pine, the shadow of its heavy head, the green of its ostrich-like plumes, came forth from the yellow and brown: the seared leaf of the oak, the figure of the stone, were distinct as day in the whispering light, and by the docile and transmitting air. Then the sky was covered with thin streaks of clouds, which were grey and sober, as if fearful to disturb the performance of that hill on the instrument specially its own. A change came over the valley. The two falls of smoke rose up as columns. The neighbouring cottages resumed their toil, and one by one sent also forth its signal. While watching them, the brown hill had disappeared as a dream; and the sun broke in through the copse where a little while ago the quiet star had been; and bearing for a moment the heads of a dozen cedars on his disc, as the blazon of Lebanon on a shield, he rose all

* The Lebanon and its Life; a History and a Diary. By David Urquhart.

up into his heavens, dispelling and overpowering by his presence the beauty which had been evoked by his approach."

The book abounds in equally living passages; they give it a singular charm, but they do not constitute its chief value. This is due to the pictures, not of nature, but of man, and these are drawn with a hearty love or hate which imparts a feeling of earnestness almost lost in our modern life.

AUNT DOROTHY'S WILL.*

"Aunt Dorothy's Will" is a novel in two volumes. It is, in many respects a curious book, for it contains two or three inchoate plots, and exhibits about double that number of half-developed characters. It reads like a work that was written without any fixed purpose; but was dotted down from time to time as the whim of composition came upon the author. It begins by reminding a novel-reader of the great incident on which turns the main interest of "Ten Thousand a Year;" and then that which appears to have been first intended as the principal purpose of the book, is shuffled off into something which bears a shifty likeness to a portion of "The Woman in White;" and then that again is thrown aside to give a bit of a Methodistical romance, in which there is much rant, much fustian, a little cant, and no small portion of incomprehensible and objectless cross-purposes, where are developed mistakes without a cause, and mysteries without a motive. All the author's pictures are kit-kat likenesses—there is not one of them drawn in full. Even "Aunt Dorothy," the important personage who gives her name to the book, and draws up an incomprehensible will inconsistent with her antecedents, only makes her appearance in a single chapter—then "is seen no more," and seldom heard of until the work is drawing to a conclusion.

There are, in "Aunt Dorothy's Will," two mysterious villainous characters—an Italian woman and her son; and they succeed for a time in their evil designs. Not because of their own power, plots, or skill; but because the innocent person to whom they are opposed, chooses, of his own free will, to be their victim; while their subsequent and final overthrow is brought about by means quite as improbable as their first success. They triumph without an effort, and are baffled without a struggle. That is one plot, which starts up now and again in the midst of the other plots with which it has as little to do as they have any connection with it. The second plot, if plot it can be called, relates to an impulsive young schoolboy growing up to man's estate in a clergyman's school, and falling in love with a country girl, who is half waiting-maid half companion to one of the clergyman's daughters. The distresses of this loving couple arise from the fact that neither the father of the young gentleman nor the uncle of the country lass will sanction the marriage of the lovers when the young gentleman is of full age. A third plot is the courtship of one of the clergyman's daughters by a rich young gentleman; and the fourth plot consists in the loves, mistakes, estrangement, and final reconciliation of the schoolmaster's second daughter with a clerical student who fancies the teachings of the established church are not sufficiently pure and evangelical for his exalted piety! There are other and minor plots that are easy of comprehension and unworthy of being particularly specified. What is to be regretted with respect to this novel is, that the author did not employ the powers she undoubtedly possesses in making, what she appears to have been on the point of doing, a good book, with a wholesome moral to it.

What a pity it is, having thought of three such characters as Mrs. Holtham and her two daughters Florence and Jessy—the selfish, intriguing woman of the world—unduly favouring her "handsome" and unjustly treating her "plain" daughter, that something more and better was not done with them. What a pity that she did not make her novel turn upon the full portraiture of three such characters. As the book stands written the reader cares for none of them, and the mother is not missed when she dies, and no one desires to know what was the end of the handsome, and no one is rejoiced that the plain daughter obtains a husband and her aunt's money, in place of the beneficent Mr. Mostyn, for whom it is impossible, one sees so little of him, to feel a particle of interest.

The character of Florence Holtham is unfortunately a common one in real life, and it does not require the partiality of an over-fond mother to foster it into existence. Self-will, obstinacy, perverseness, selfishness, an utter disregard for the feelings of others, want of respect, and of love for brothers and sisters combined with vanity, a rage for pleasure, and an untiring thirst of excitement, are but too often, when united in the same person, the curse of many a household. They have filled many a mother's breast with anguish, brought the blush of shame into many a brother's cheek, and forced into a premature grave many a broken-hearted father. Such women are "the furies" of modern society. It is strange that no playwright has thought of composing a tragedy with one of these domestic torments as his "Clytemnestra." It is stranger still, when lady novelists abound, that none have ventured to do more than is done in "Aunt Dorothy's Will" with such a character—that is, presented no more than a half-finished likeness of one of those home-plagues whose mortal career generally closes within the narrow cell of a madhouse.

"Cycla," the author of "Aunt Dorothy's Will," could, we are persuaded, if she would devote the time, thought, and trouble to such a task, have presented a complete embodiment of the character. It was begun—but it is only a fragment—an unfinished sketch in water-colours. And yet—even so, with all its defects in drawing and colouring—it will be found sufficient to attract readers, and to add to the author's reputation as an agreeable writer.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

CHRISTMAS. †

It is not usual for a musical or dramatic work, intended for public performance, to be first made known through the medium of the Press before the performance has taken place. This, however, is the case with the cantata before us; but it will surely be brought forward at some of the concerts of the season now begun; the more especially as attention has been so much excited by the extraordinary success of Mr. Macfarren's *chef-d'œuvre* "Robin Hood."

"Christmas," though on a smaller scale than that opera, is a work of a congenial style and spirit. The subject is old English, and the music, though not designed for the stage, is highly dramatic. The poem, too, like that of "Robin Hood," is from the pen of Mr. Oxenford, whose muse, as usual, has been happy in furnishing food for the genius of the musician.

Nothing can be simpler than the subject of this little drama. It is a picture of the pastimes of an English Christmas in the olden time. It opens with a double chorus, supposed to be sung by a party of villagers round a Christmas

* Aunt Dorothy's Will. By Cycla, author of "Passing Clouds," "Work and Warfare," &c., in 2 vols. London: E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria-lane. 1860.

† Christmas: A Cantata, written by John Oxenford; composed by G. A. Macfarren, Cramer and Co.

fire. They are in two groups: the one describing the bleakness and severity of the season, the other its cheerfulness and joy. The first group consists of sopranis and tenors, the second of alti and basses; they sing sometimes alternately and sometimes together, joining at the close in a full and resonant strain of harmony. This design gives room for fine musical contrasts; and this double chorus is admirable for skilful construction and happy effect. The chorus is followed by a romance, or ballad, for a soprano voice, "Christmas Comes," a sweet and simple song, full of natural and appropriate feeling.

The next piece is very remarkable. It is a choral song of blessing on the noble house, of whom the assembled rustics are the vassals or dependents. The theme is one of the old Christmas carols, which have been familiar in England for ages. This antique melody, after being sung in unison by the voices only, is repeated several times, with varying effects of harmony and orchestral treatment, of the utmost beauty, and in perfect keeping with the simple solemnity of the original strain. The company now get into a merrier mood. They call in chorus for "a tale;" and after a prelude to the fine old tune of "Green Sleeves," a male voice sings a ditty about the good King Alfred, who, having in the midst of his own necessities relieved the wants of a venerable pilgrim, is rewarded for his pious charity by a victory over the Danish foe. This ballad, with the chorus at the end of every verse, is exceedingly pleasing and interesting. There is next a duettino for the soprano and contralto, "Little children, all rejoice"—a perfect gem of sweetness and expression. Lastly comes the finale, a largely-developed movement, descriptive of the festivities of our old English Christmas.

MUZURKAS.*

FREDERIC CHOPIN must be ranked among the celebrities of the age, though his celebrity is more nominal than real. Among the musical public his name is known to everybody, while those who know anything of his works are comparatively few. A native of Poland, he acquired in his own country the knowledge of his art, and imbibed that love for the Polish national music which shows itself in all his compositions. At an early age, but with an already distinguished name, he arrived in Paris, which became his chief residence during the rest of his life. He never became personally popular, even among his own musical brethren, from whom he seems to have estranged himself by his eccentric and wayward disposition. The same cause prevented his appearing in public, or mingling in general society. But he became the idol of a limited circle—we might almost call it *coterie*—consisting of ladies distinguished by their rank, talents, and accomplishments, who were captivated by his wit and manners, and worshipped his genius. It was not for the public, accordingly, but for these aristocratic admirers, that (with very few exceptions) his compositions were produced. They were essentially *morceaux de salon*, so exquisitely refined and delicate, and so peculiar in style, that it required his own performance, or that of a few of his intimates who thoroughly understood him, to give complete expression to his conceptions. Nevertheless such is the originality and beauty of many of them, and such a charm do they derive from their Polish nationality, that they have gained the admiration of the most accomplished lovers of the piano all over Europe.

To such amateurs the edition of Chopin's most delightful and characteristic works, given to the public by Messrs. Boosey, will be heartily welcome. It comprehends the eleven sets of mazurkas, published separately during the composer's life, and is enriched with a prefatory essay from the pen of Mr. J. W. Davison, written with that gentleman's usual sound judgment, critical acumen, and liveliness of style, in which, while he treats with unsparing ridicule the high-flown nonsense which Liszt and others have talked about Chopin, he does full justice to the real merits of the composer.

"His *études*," says Mr. Davison, "his *preludes*, his *valses*, his *nocturnes*, and, above all, his *Mazurkas*, are quite enough to save him from oblivion, whatever may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which, in the mazurkas, he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go further than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly *inventive*. The best of the mazurkas are, without question, those that smell least strongly of the lamp; those which harmonized in the least affected manner are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echoes of) the national dance-tunes of his country. Some of them are gems, as faultless as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded; others, more evidently laboured, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity."

SONGS.†

THIS publication, which is in two volumes, contains twelve vocal pieces, selected from the works of the great masters of the schools of Italy, Germany, and England; Handel, Glück, Mozart, Leo, Farchi, Latilla, Purcell, and other worthies of the olden time. They are all drawn from sources not generally accessible—such as the Italian operas of Handel, an exhaustless mine of vocal treasures—and are consequently little known; a circumstance which enhances their interest and value. Their selection evinces the fair editor's taste and judgment, as their arrangement and preparation for modern use show her artistic skill. Miss Masson has long stood in the highest rank of her profession, as an accomplished instructress, who, by her successful labours, and the influence she enjoys in the highest circles, has done as much as any of her contemporaries in promoting a pure taste, and in notwithstanding (a difficult task) the incessant encroachments of fashionable frivolity in music.

CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.‡

THE purpose of this publication is similar to that of Miss Masson, which we have just noticed; the difference being that the one is for singers, and the other for pianoforte players. Of all the difficulties which the teachers of this instrument have to encounter, the greatest is to counteract the penchant of their pupils for the showy frivolous pieces of the day; and to inspire them with a taste for the music of the great masters. A young lady will undergo any amount of labour in order to accomplish those feats of manual gymnastics which are the nuisances of our fashionable drawing-rooms, while she can scarcely be persuaded to study those works which, however grand and beautiful, are not calculated to gratify the love of display. Much of this happens because our fair and youthful pianists don't know any better. They are led to imagine that our Handels and Haydns, and Mozarts and Beethovens, are musty crabbed old gentlemen,

* The Mazurkas of Frederic Chopin. Edited by J. W. Davison. Boosey.

† Songs for the Classical Vocalist. Edited and arranged by Elizabeth Masson. Leader and Cook.

‡ Evenings with the Classical Composers; being selections from instrumental works not generally known to pianists. Arranged for the pianoforte by Edgar Adams. Cooks & Co.

whose acquaintance they do not choose to make. Let them be undeceived, nevertheless; let those antiquated bugbears be properly introduced to them, and, if they have taste, feeling, and a love of what is really great and beautiful in art, they will soon come to a different way of thinking. With this view Mr. Edgar has presented them with a collection of short pieces, extracted from the works of the great composers, so attractive that it is impossible to play or hear them without delight, and so easy in comparison that they will not cost a tithe of the labour thrown away in learning to scramble through heaps of unmeaning jargon. In truth, every piece in Mr. Edgar's publication is a gem of beauty and expression; and his book will not only be valuable to the student, but acceptable to the most accomplished performer.

THE LOST JEWEL.

LONG ago, ah, long ago!
I lost a jewel of greater worth
Than the loveliest lady of the Earth
Could hang on her bosom as white as snow,—
Or any Emperor flush'd with wine
Could place on a maiden's finger fine,
And say, "Beloved, be thou mine!"
Long ago, ah, long ago!
I lost it wandering to and fro,—
Fairer and purer, brighter far
Than the Morn or Evening Star.
Could I make it mine again,
To clasp it—hold it—and retain,
I'd be greater than the king,
Richer than the bloomy spring.
And where I lost it well I know;—
Skill cannot trace it,
Or wealth replace it,
Or anything else this world can show,—
This jewel so bright,
My heart's delight,
Lost in another's heart long ago,—
My richer than Ind,
My peace of mind,
Lost for ever! ah, long ago!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Longman have some important works in preparation. Among them are "The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III., 1760—1860," by Thomas Erskine May, of the Middle Temple; Vol. I. Part I. of "Collectanea Archaeologica," containing collections relating to the antiquities of Shropshire; and "Port Royal," a contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France, by Charles Beard; this work will contain all the early history of Port Royal, the Jansenist Controversy, the Provincial Letters, and the history from the peace of the Church to the final suppression of the community.

The new novel, entitled "Lavinia," by the author of "Doctor Antonio" and "Lorenzo Benoni," will be published by Messrs. Smith & Elder during the ensuing month.

Messrs. Blackwood announce an authorized translation of "The Monks of the West," by the Count de Montalembert; "The Punjab and Delhi, in 1857," being a narrative of the measures by which the Punjab was saved and Delhi recovered during the Indian mutiny, by the Rev. J. Cave Brown, Chaplain of the Punjab movable column.

Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, of Edinburgh, are preparing the following new publications:—"Memoirs of his own Time," from 1741 to 1813; by Thomas Somerville, D.D., minister of Jedburgh. "Aemona, or Notes of an Oratory in the Island of Inchcolme," by J. Y. Simpson, M.D., Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. "Characteristics of an old Church Architecture, in the Mainland and Westland Islands of Scotland," by T. S. Muir. "The Story of Burnt Njal,"—a translation of the "Njal Saga,"—with an Introductory Essay, by G. W. Dasant, D.C.L. "Rab and his Friends," with illustrations by George Hervey, R.S.A., and J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. And a new volume of the "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh.

A new "Quarterly Natural History Review: a Journal of Biological Science," is announced to appear at the beginning of the new year, published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. A good list of names—men famous in science—are mentioned as editors. The contents of the "National History Review" will be divided into the following sections:—Reviews, Original Articles and Reports, and Bibliographical Notices, and Miscellanea.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is at work on his old ground. On the 1st of January will be commenced "The Constable of the Tower," an historical romance; illustrated by John Gilbert.

Mr. James Blackwood has the following works in preparation:—"Ismael and Cassandra; or, the Jew and the Greek;" a "Novel Journal" of what passed in the Temple Prison during the captivity of Louis XVI., King of France, by M. Clery, the king's valet; and "Celebs in Search of a Cook."

The new volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* will contain original articles on "Tasmania," by Mr. Wm. Westgarth; on "Theatres," by Dr. Doran; on "Turner," by Mr. Walter Thornbury; on "Voltaire," by Mr. Henry Rogers; on "Wellington," by Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*; on "Washington," by the Hon. Edward Everett; and on "Wine-making," by Sir James Emmerson Tennant, K.C.S., LL.D.

Mr. Alfred W. Bennett has now nearly ready a "Narrative of Ten Years' Imprisonment in the Dungeons of Naples," by Antonio Nicoldi, a political exile. Also "Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan: a Romantic Biography," by William Dalton.

Mr. Hodgson, of Fleet-street, will commence a four days' sale of valuable books on Tuesday next, November 6th. This collection, the property of a collector, is remarkable for a very rare collection of old and valuable Bibles. Among the lots may be noticed a complete set, 55 volumes, of the Parker Society's Publication.

The following comprises our Foreign Literary intelligence:—

Messrs. Harlutea & Co. have just added a French translation of "Jane Eyre," by Madame Lesbazeilles-Souvestre, to their library of foreign romance.

Dentu has put forth a book by Chevalier Gougenot des Mousseaux, on "Magic

of the Nineteenth Century: its Agents, Truths, and Falsehoods." The same indefatigable publisher has also issued "The Church in Hungary," by an Hungarian Ecclesiastic.

The "Accursed Sword," by M. Octave Fére, has been announced by Mr. Haulard.

The "Fanny," a study, by Ernest Feydeau, has reached its twentieth edition.

"Love in the Desert; being the Adventures of a French Officer in Africa," has just been published in Paris, by Renault & Co.

Madame Ancelot's new work is entitled "An Irreparable Error."

M. Ambroise Buchère has issued "A Practical Study on Criminal Procedures in France and in England."

From Lyons we learn that "Universal Suffrage" is the remarkable title of one of a series of Napoleonic songs, in course of publication.

M. Alexander Weill will publish shortly "A Letter to the Emperor, on the City of Paris."

M. Alphonse Leclerc announces, to appear in January, "The Souvenirs and Regrets of an Old Dramatic Amateur."

Viscount de la Vausserie has written "The Italian Crusade of 1860," being the History of the Pontifical Army.

Dr. Veron, the celebrated Bourgeois de Paris, has in the press a work entitled "The Theatres of Paris, from 1806 to 1860."

M. César Collavecchia has written a treatise on the Influence of Modern Poetry in Italy.

"The Honest Merchant; or, Justice and Good Faith practised in Business," is it honourable to the Lillois to observe, in its 6th edition.

"Reims; the Coronation City," is the title of a work by Baron J. Taylor.

"Scenes of Hungarian Life," have been twice issued by Count G. de La Tour.

"Coal Mining Apparatus used in France and Belgium," is the title of a book about to be issued by M. Amédée Burat.

M. Dentu announces "Red Russia;" by Prince Alexander Troubetskoy; and "The English Alliance, or the Russian Alliance?"

"The Life and Works of Dottor Arcangelo D'Onofrio." Naples. Williams and Norgate, London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM OCTOBER 25TH TO NOVEMBER 1.

Boner's Chamois Hunting. 2nd edition. Post Svo. cloth. 10s. Chapman & Hall.
Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress. With a Memoir by G. Offer. 4to. cloth. £1. 1s. Routledge.
Bloxam on the Meteorology of Newport in the Isle of Wight. 4to. boards. 2nd edition. £1. 5s. Simpkin.
Bradley's Manual of Illumination. 4th edition. Sewed. 1s. Winsor.
Campbell (Douglas). New Religious Thoughts. Post Svo. cloth. 6s. 6d. Mainwaring.
Collins (Charles) The Eye-Witness, and his Evidence about many Wonderful Things. Crown Svo. cloth. 5s. Low & Son.
Cabinet (The) Lawyer. 18th edition. With Supplements of Acta, 1859 and 1860. Fcap. Svo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Longman.
Croken's Walk from London to Fulham. Post Svo. 5s. Tegg.
Downton Manor House. 2 vols. Post Svo. cloth. £1. 1s. Hurst and Blackett.
Forms of Prayer, adapted to each Day of the Week. Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Bell & Daldy.
Guide (The) to English Literature. 18mo. half bound. 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
Hamley (E. B.). Wellington's Career. 2s. Blackwood.
Hartrig (D. G.). The Sea and its Living Wonders. Svo. cloth. 18s. Longman.
Kenny (Matthew). An Exposition of the Old and New Testament. New edition. 6 vols. Svo. cloth. £2. 2s. Simpkin.
Kibbell's Climate of Brighton. Svo. cloth. Reduced. 2s. 6d. Longman.
Leighton's Curious Stories and Traditions of Scottish Life. 2nd edition. Fcap. Svo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
Laurent de Lara's (D.) Elementary Instruction in Art of Illuminating. 6th edition. Post Svo. sewed. 1s. Longman.
Routh. An Elementary Treatise on the Dynamics of a System of Rigid Bodies. Crown Svo. cloth. 10s. 6d. Macmillan.

Mademoiselle Mori. 2nd edition. Crown Svo. cloth. 6s. J. W. Parker.
Mann. The Cotton Trade of Great Britain. Royal Svo. cloth. 5s. Simpkin.
Oke's (G. C.) Magisterial Synopsis. 8vo. 7th edition. £2. 4s. Butterworth.
Parker's Modern Treatment of Syphilis. 4th edition. Svo. cloth. 10s. Churchill.
Pririe's Principles and Practice of Surgery. Svo. cloth. 2nd edition. £1. 4s. Churchill.
Roberts's Autumn Tour in Spain. Svo. £1. 1s. Saunders & Otley.
Sale's (G.) Koran. New edition. Svo. cloth, 7s. 6d. Tegg.
Scrivener's Greek Text. Marginal Edition. 4to. half-bound. 12s. Bell & Daldy.
Stephens, the Common Law Procedure Act, 1860. Svo. cloth. 5s. Butterworth.
Solicitor's (The) Diary for 1861. Svo. cloth. 2s. 6d. 4to. half-bound, 4s.; Svo. half-bound, 5s. Groombridge.
Soutlanders (The). An Account of an Expedition to New Holland. 3rd edition. Fcap. Svo. cloth. 3s. 6d. J. W. Parker.
Thrupp (Rev.). An Introduction to the Study and Use of the Psalms. 2 vols. Svo. cloth, £1. 1s. Macmillan.
Thackeray's Irish Sketch Book. 3rd edition. Crown Svo. cloth. 5s. Chapman & Hall.
Urquhart. The Libanon. 2 vols. Svo. £1. 8s. Newby.
Valpy's Manual of Greek Etymology. 4to. cloth. 4s. Longman.
Wolfe. Hymns for Public Worship. Selected and arranged. 18mo. cloth. 2s. Macmillan.
White's History of England from the Earliest Time to 1858. Post Svo. 7s. 6d. Routledge.
Warburton's Darien. Hurst & Blackett's Standard Library. Vol. XIII. post Svo. cloth. 5s. Hurst & Blackett.
Wordsworth's (C.) Greek Text. Part IV. "Epistles and Revelations." 4to. £1. 1s. Rivington.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—MONDAY, November 5th, THE LADY OF LYONS—Pauline, Miss Amy Sedgwick; after which, THE IRISH AMBASSADOR—Mr. John Brougham; and THE SUN AND THE WIND.—TUESDAY, (by desire) THE LOVE CHASE—Constance, Miss Amy Sedgwick; after which, BOX AND COX—Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Compton; and ROMANCE AND REALITY—Mr. John Brougham.—Wednesday and Thursday, THE STRANGER; ROMANCE AND REALITY; and THE SUN AND THE WIND.—Friday, DOES HE LOVE ME?—Miss Amy Sedgwick and Mr. Buckstone; THE IRISH AMBASSADOR; and other Entertainments.—Saturday, A New Comedy, entitled THE BABES IN THE WOOD; and, Last Night of Mr. John Brougham, THE IRISH AMBASSADOR.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—Great Success of the New Drama by Dion Boucicault, Esq., THE COLLEEN BAWN.—Miss AGNES ROBERTSON and Mr. DION BOUCICAULT every evening.—On Monday and during the week, THE RIFLE BRIGADE: Messrs. W. Smith, D. Fisher, Selby, Miss Woolgar, K. Kelly, and Mrs. Billington. THE COLLEEN BAWN.—Messrs. D. Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, C. J. Smith, Romer, Warde, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley. To conclude with DINORAH UNDER DIFFICULTIES; Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss E. Thorne. Commence at Seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. HARRIS.—THIS EVENING (Saturday, Nov. 3), Mr. Fechter will make his sixth appearance in an adaptation of Victor Hugo's celebrated Play of RUY BLAS, by Edmund Falconer, Esq. Principal characters by Messrs. Walter Lacy (his sixth appearance under the present management), Meadows, Garden, Graham, Raymond, Morland, Collett, Paulo, Daly, A. Harris, and Fechter; Miss Rose Leclercq, Mrs. Weston, and Miss Heath. To be preceded by a new Comedietta, in one act, by Mr. A. Harris, entitled SUSAN SMITH. Characters by Messrs. F. Matthews, J. G. Shore, Morland; and Miss Murray (her sixth appearance under the present management). After the Play, the admired Farce of THE FIRST NIGHT. Achille Talma Dufard, Mr. A. Harris; Rose Dufard, Miss Maria Harris.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, King-street, St. James's.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.—THIS EVENING (Saturday, Nov. 3), a new and original Comedy, in two acts, by Tom Taylor, Esq., called UP AT THE HILLS, in which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan will appear. To conclude with THE KING OF THE PEACOCKS. Scenery, dresses, and decorations entirely new. Important alterations have been made with a view to the comfort of the audience in all parts of the Theatre, which has been thoroughly cleaned and ventilated.—J. KINLOCH, Acting Manager and Treasurer.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Miss EMMA STANLEY, having returned from her tour through America, California, Sandwich Islands, Australia, and India, has RE-COMMENCED her LYRIC ENTERTAINMENT, entitled, THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN, every evening, at eight (except Saturday); on Saturdays at three afternoon.—Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; which can be taken daily at the Hall from eleven to three.

THE BUCKLEYS IN LONDON.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly. NOW OPEN, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Three. Stalls, 3s. Area, 2s. Gallery, 1s. Box-office open from Ten till Five, 2s, Piccadilly.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. FINAL NOTICE.—BONUS YEAR.

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The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest offices in the kingdom.

At the annual meeting of the 10th inst., the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year, by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company, excepting the year 1853; evidencing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium Received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,636 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,080 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject has been accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages, and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the assured, with participation, amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating Policy effected previously to the 1st of January, 1858, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to London Board.

[Nov. 3, 1860.]

NOTICE of REMOVAL from 3, OLD BROAD STREET, to 64, CORNHILL, E.C.
 THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against all Accidents, whether Railway or otherwise. An Annual Payment of £3 secures £1,000 at death from Accident, or £6 weekly from Injury. One Person in every Twelve insured is injured yearly by Accident. No extra Premium for Volunteers. For further information apply to the PROVINCIAL AGENTS, the RAILWAY STATIONS, or to the HEAD OFFICE. This COMPANY without union with any other has paid for compensation £65,000. W. J. VIAN, Secretary. Railway Passengers Assurance Company, Office, 64, Cornhill, E.C., Aug. 25, 1860.

STATE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Chief Offices, 32, Ludgate-hill, and 3, Pall-mall East, London. Capital half-a-million.

Chairman—The Right Hon. Lord KEANE. Managing Director—PETER MORRISON, Esq.

New Premiums for the year ending 31st of March, 1860 ... £23,476 8 0 Total premium income for the year ending 31st of March, 1860 ... 41,709 5 1

Agents Wanted.—This Company not having any life business, the Directors invite agents acting only for life companies to represent the Company for fire, plate-glass, and accidental death insurances, to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. Every information furnished on application to the Secretary, 32, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

WILLIAM CANWELL, Sec.

NATIONAL VOLUNTEER MUTUAL ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.—The Right Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P. Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War.

Chairman.—Lieutenant-Colonel G. MONTAGU HICKS.

Captain the Hon. T. C. Bruce. Henry Kingscote, Esq.

Lieut.-Col. Lord Bury, M.P. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Charles H. Lindsay.

Dr. Cormack. Lieut.-Col. Lord Radstock.

Col. the Marquis of Donegal. Lieut.-Col. Viscount Ranelagh.

Lieut.-Col. Lord Elcho, M.P. Captain Lord Seymour.

Major Ralph W. Grey. J. W. Stephenson, Esq.

Lieut.-Col. Earl Grosvenor, M.P. Captain J. C. Templer.

Captain J. Wilkinson.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. DRUMMOND & CO., 49, Charing-cross.

HONORARY ACTUARY.—J. W. STEPHENSON, Esq.

HONORARY SECRETARY.—John ROSE CORMACK, M.D., F.R.S.E.

MUTUAL INSURANCE.

The object of this Association is to promote the stability of the Volunteer Force, and the general welfare of its Members, by enabling them, with the aid of their regimental machinery, to provide effectually and economically, by small contributions during youth and health, against the natural evils and exigencies of sickness, accident, old age, and death. The Rules and Tables are nearly ready for issue.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CAPITAL FUND.

TRUSTEES.

Earl Grosvenor, M.P. | Lord Elcho, M.P.

BANKERS.—MESSRS. DRUMMOND & CO., 49, Charing-cross. (To whom subscriptions and donations may at once be forwarded)

In conjunction with the National Volunteer Mutual Association (but financially separated from the stated periodical contributions of its members), it is intended to establish a Subscription Capital Fund, to which all who wish to promote the stability and welfare of the service will be invited to contribute, by donations or annual subscriptions. The subscriptions to this Fund are to be invested in Government Securities, transferable at the Bank of England, and its annual interest applied to increase the pensions of "effective" Volunteers, and perhaps also to give small annuities to their widows and young children. The object of establishing this Fund is to enable the public to make some recognition of the value to the State of the time which the Volunteer spends on parade, or other appointed military duty. Of course the benefits derivable from invested gifts cannot, like those from the Mutual Department, be made the subject of calculation and definite promise. They will, therefore, begin at a minimum, and go on augmenting with the growth of the Fund.

By order of the Committee,

G. MONTAGU HICKS, Chairman.

JOHN ROSE CORMACK, M.D., F.R.S.E., Hon. Sec.

London, Oct. 24, 1860.

Copies of the Prospectus (containing a list of the General Committee) may be had on application by letter to the Honorary Secretary, 5, Bedford-square, W.C., London.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

The Hon. FRANCIS SCOTT, Chairman.

CHARLES BERWICK CURTIS, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Fourth Division of Profits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Parties desirous of participating in the fourth division of profits to be declared on policies effected prior to the 31st of December next year should, in order to enjoy the same, make immediate application. There have already been three divisions of profits, and the bonuses divided have averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured, or from 30 to 100 per cent. on the premiums paid, without imparting to the recipients the risk of co-partnership, as is the case in mutual societies.

To show more clearly what these bonuses amount to, the three following cases are put forth as examples:—

Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Amount payable up to Dec. 1854.
£5,000	£1,987 10	£6,987 10
1,000	397 10	1,397 10
100	39 15	139 15

Notwithstanding the large additions, the premiums are on the lowest scale compatible with security for the payment of the policy when death arises; in addition to which advantages one half of the premiums may, if desired, for the term of five years, remain unpaid at 5 per cent. interest, the other half being advanced by the Company, without security or deposit of the policy.

The assets of the Company at the 31st December, 1859, amounted to £690,140. 19s., all of which had been invested in Government and other approved securities.

No charge for Volunteer Military Corps while serving in the United Kingdom.

Policy stamps paid by the office. Immediate application should be made to the Resident Director, No. 8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall.

By order, P. MACINTYRE, Secretary.

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
 48, MOORGATE STREET, London.
 JESSE HOBSON, F.S.S., Secretary.

WESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY,
 Established A.D. 1842.
 Chief Offices, 3, Parliament-street, S.W.
 City Branch, 8, Old Jewry, E.C.
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VALUABLE NEW PRINCIPLE IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

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The rates of Premium are lower than those charged by many other offices, and thus afford an Immediate Bonus to the assurer, and a saving of expense.

Permission granted to suspend the payment of one or more Premiums, in case of temporary inability to pay.

Assurances for members of Building Societies and for the Industrious Classes.

Every information will be furnished on application to the Actuary, ARTHUR SCRATCHLEY, M.A., Author of the Treatise on Savings Banks.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
 48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

TRUSTEES.
 The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot. | Henry Pownall, Esq.
 Sir Claude Scott, Bart. |

DIRECTORS.

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Deputy-Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.

John Ashburner, Esq., M.D. | John Gardiner, Esq.

T. M. B. Batard, Esq. | J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.

Lieut.-Col. Bathurst. | Charles Osborn, Esq.

Bankers—Sir Claude Scott, Bart., and Co.

Solicitors—Messrs. Davies, Son, Campbell, and Co.

Capital £500,000

Invested Funds 110,000

Annual Income 40,000

To the security thus afforded, the Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges whatever are made beyond the premium.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

Endowments for Children are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application.

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Subscriptions are thankfully received by the Secretary at the Hospital, and by Messrs. COUTTS, Messrs. DRUMMOND, and Messrs. HOARE; and through all the principal Bankers.

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HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the SKIN,
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At the end of last year, upwards of 100,000 patients had been relieved. The weekly attendance averages 800 cases.

AID IS MOST EARNESTLY ENTREATED.

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PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP surpasses all others for toilet purposes, imparting a most agreeable odour and softness to the skin. Prices, in tablets, 1s. each and upwards; made also in round cakes suitable for the shaving-dish, from 1s. each. To avoid counterfeits, observe that the genuine Transparent Soap can be procured at the Inventor's Manufactory, 91, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury; or of J. & E. ATKINSON, 21, Old Bond-street; SMYTH & NEPHEW, 117, New Bond-street; W. PRITCHARD, 65, Charing-cross; W. WINTER, 205, Oxford-street; J. SANGER, 150, Oxford-street, London; and of all respectable Perfumers in town and country; or, upon sixteen postage stamps being sent to Messrs. A. & F. PEARS, one Shaving Stick will be forwarded free for trial.

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66, QUEEN-STREET, LONDON, 23rd August, 1860.

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I have been further assured that your Starch continues to give complete satisfaction, and that though trial has been made of samples of various Starches, none of these have been found nearly equal in quality to the Glenfield.

I am, dear Sirs, your obedient Servant,
WM. BLACK.

THE LONDON REVIEW.

429

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FOR NOVEMBER.

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